

THE YOUNG TRAVELLER IN GERMANY

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THE YOUNG TRAVELLER IN

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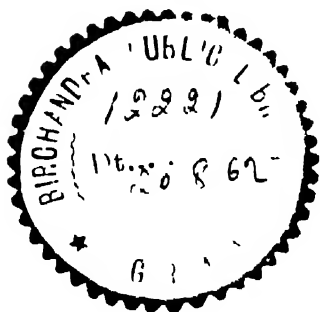
IN PREPARATION

The Middle East; Israel

The Young Traveller in
Germany

EGON LARSEN

WITH A MAP, 24 PHOTOGRAPHS AND FRONTISPIECE



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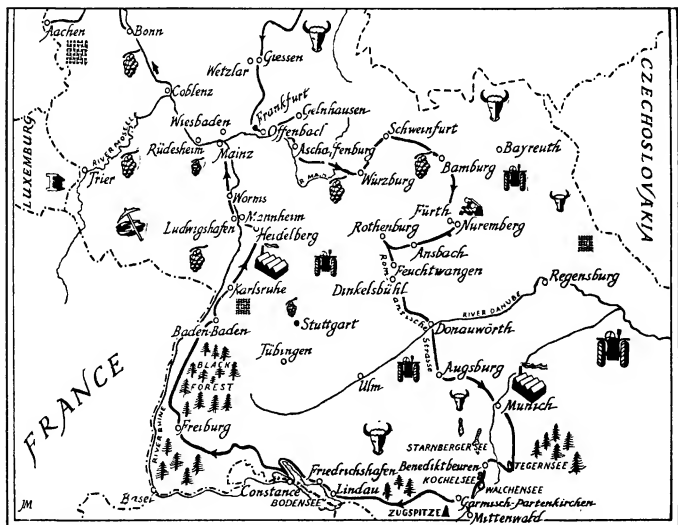
CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>Page</i>
1. A Port on Piles	11
2. Between Two Seas	24
3. Adventure in the Devil's Moor	39
4. The Truth about the Pied Piper	58
5. The Romantic Road	73
6. Life with the Lechners	94
7. The Real Munich	110
8. A Holiday in the Alps	123
9. Nine Crowded Days	138
Index and Pronunciations	151

ILLUSTRATIONS

Members of a German youth club in the Harz Mountains	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>Facing</i>
The heart and soul of Hamburg	16
Hamburg's Town Hall	16
Lübeck's massive city gate	17
The beach at Travemünde	17
Schleswig-Holstein, a country of forests, lakes, and rich grazing land	32
'Kieler Woche', the annual sailing regatta in the bay of Laboe	32
'Roland the Giant'	33
Lüneburg's Johanniskirche dominates the 'Sand'	48
East and West meet at the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin	49
Congress Hall, Berlin	49
The theatre in Hanover, which houses one of Germany's finest operas	64
The assembly line at the Volkswagen factory, Wolfsburg	64
A monument to the brothers Grimm	65
The enormous artificial cascades at Wilhelmshöhe	80
The youth hostel at Nuremberg	81
The <i>Frauenkirche</i> of Munich	96
The clock at Rothenburg	97

The Zugspitze, Germany's highest mountain	<i>Facing</i> 97
A bride and bridegroom from Hesse	112
Mittenwald is famous for its violins	112
Cuckoo clocks are the Black Forest's most popular export	113
Heidelberg, Germany's famous university town	128
The water tower at Lake Constance, now a youth hostel	129
Cologne on the Rhine	129



The thick black line shows the route taken by Jim and Ginger.

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Chapter 1

A PORT ON PILES

THE SEA-LIONS performed all their tricks. They jumped and dived, they caught with elegant nonchalance the fish thrown by their keeper, they waddled out of the pool like Chaplin-impersonators, they barked and wriggled with the self-assurance of experienced music-hall comedians. The crowd screamed with delight.

For a moment, Ginger was not sure whether she was not back in the Regent's Park Zoo in London, one of her favourite haunts as long as she could remember. The sea-lions . . . the rocks beyond the pool . . . the laughing crowd . . . the glittering sunbeams of an afternoon early in summer . . . it was Regent's Park, wasn't it? Next to her there was Jim, showing his large irregular teeth, his brown hair all tousled; and there was their father, peering through the view-finder of his camera—just as he did on a Sunday afternoon in London. But where was Mother? And little Tom?

As for Jim, he still felt the thrill that had come to him all of a sudden that morning when he stepped from the gangway of the boat which had brought the three of them from Tilbury; when he saw the strange houses and heard the strange sounds of a foreign land. This is it, he kept telling himself: I'm abroad, I'm in another country for the first time—I'm in Germany, in Hamburg. And now he was in Hagenbeck's famous Zoo in that town.

Jim looked at his father, who had taken his snapshot and was now filling his pipe again. There was a man of the world who wouldn't get flustered or ruffled if, by some magic, he were suddenly transplanted to the other side of the globe. Perhaps when he, Jim, was grown up he would be like him. But being only thirteen and a half he couldn't help feeling tremendously excited at the mere sound of German voices all about him, at the sight of so many unfamiliar faces. Just imagine if one were all of a

sudden left alone, lost in this crowd of strangers in a strange country——

His heart jumped. Where was Ginger? Only a minute ago she had still been with them. He had better look for her himself, before saying anything about it to his father, who was again busy taking pictures. But all Jim could see were laughing strangers, trousers and shirts, blouses and hats; you can't see much more in a crowd. He forced his way through the forest of shoulders and stomachs. At last he gained the middle of the path along the open-air cages. He looked right and left; now he could not see his father any more either—nothing but crowds beleaguering the elephants, the giraffes, the bears. He would try to go back the way they had come; yet he was not sure of the direction—they had meandered from cage to cage, from the birds to the monkeys, from the aquarium to the sea-lions. He would have to ask people; but what was the German for 'An 11-year-old girl with red hair'?

Red hair—hadn't he just caught a glimpse of a redhead through the crowd on his left? What were they looking at? Oh yes, it was the sea-lions again, and there was Ginger, bending over the rail and looking as if she'd never moved.

'Ginger! Where on earth have you been? I've been looking everywhere for you', Jim shouted into her ear.

Ginger jumped as if someone had set off an alarm-clock.

Jim took her arm and dragged her away.

'Oh, I just went over to have a look at the penguins for a minute.'

'A minute! Come on quick, let's join Dad again.'

But their father had already missed them and was waving to them from the elephants over the heads of the crowd. 'This is a fine start for our great adventure', he said, knitting his brows, when they reached him. 'Didn't you hear me say "Let's go to the elephants"? The sea-lions must have hypnotized you.'

'Ginger's been day-dreaming again', said Jim.

'Well, I *have* done a little dreaming', Ginger admitted. 'You know, for a minute or two I thought I was in Regent's Park Zoo——'

'Anyway, don't do that sort of thing again, Ginger', said Mr Watkins. 'At least not in a place where you'd get lost like a needle

in a haystack. But there's something in what you said about it being easy to imagine you're in Regent's Park Zoo—or Whipsnade, or Chessington, for that matter. For this chap Carl Hagenbeck, who founded the Hamburg Zoo, was a pioneer. He was a big-game hunter before he hit on the idea of bringing the beasts home alive and putting them in their natural surroundings instead of cooping them up in tiny cages. That's why every modern zoo looks like Hagenbeck's—they're all fashioned after his ideas. But this one was the first real open-air zoo. Look at the lions!

The lions' quarters were, in fact, one up on those in Regent's Park. The animals were housed below an enormous rock with caves in it, and had the free run of a large plateau. There was nothing between them and the visitors but a deep moat, wide enough to prevent even the strongest lion from jumping across. 'That's what it must be like in Africa', said Jim, 'only without the moat!'

They all had ice-cream at a little kiosk ('Not much cream in it, but what lovely colours!' commented Ginger, licking her green-red-yellow wafer), and boarded the tramcar which took them back across the town to their modest little hotel near the Jungfernstieg, Hamburg's famous thoroughfare with its luxury shops, its stream of smart motor-cars, its open-air cafés, and its well-dressed, strolling crowds. Ginger's eyes could hardly take it all in. She was so tired; and she did not utter a word of protest when her father suggested she should go to bed soon after their dinner of potato soup, thick round sausages with *Sauerkraut*, and *Rote Grütze*, a kind of red semolina pudding, tasting of redcurrants and raspberries.

Jim stayed in the lounge with his father for another hour. Then they went up to their room, and, once under the huge quilt, Jim closed his eyes and expected to fall asleep within a matter of seconds. But sleep would not come yet. The day's events, or rather the adventures of the last three days since they had left their home in Brent Lane, Hendon, kept circling in his head. He almost wished he could spread it all out over a month to take in every detail. Travelling, he mused, was such a concentrated experience—yes, concentrated, that was the word. Yet how maddeningly slow was the pace of the days and weeks *before* the actual start!

It had all begun when Aunt Cornelia invited his mother and Tom to her house in Hove for the summer. 'I'd love to have the two older ones too', she wrote, 'but the doctor says I must lead a quiet life.' The family understood the delicate hint. 'All right, you go with Tommy', said Mr Watkins. 'There's nothing wrong with *my* health. I'll take Jim and Ginger with me.' They wanted to know where. 'Just leave that to me. I've got an idea.'

Some time later, at the beginning of June, he broke the great news. 'Children, we don't need Aunt Cornelia, or any other aunt for that matter, for our holidays. We're going to Germany.'

'Germany? To the Continent?'

'I don't know where else you'd look for it, Jim. Now listen. The B.B.C. are sending me—all expenses paid. So that means I can afford to take you two!'

The announcement was greeted with a *fortissimo* outcry of joy—and of disbelief. Could this wonderful news really be true? But it was just as he had said. It must be explained that Mr Kenneth Watkins had just started his career as a teacher when the second world war broke out. He took part in the D-Day landing in Normandy, fought his way right into the Rhineland with his unit, and stayed there after the war—as an official in the Control Commission for Germany, the civil administration of the British-occupied territory. After four years in Hamburg, Hanover, and Düsseldorf, where he helped the schools in the war-devastated towns to get going again, he decided to look for another job in England so that he could re-join his family. He found it in the B.B.C. European Service, which beams news, commentary, and features on medium and short waves to a great number of countries in their own languages. Kenneth Watkins's knowledge of German and Germany proved to be most useful.

So now the German Section had offered to send him to Germany—to brush up his German, to keep up to date with the development of the country, and to find out what the German listeners liked—or disliked—about the London programmes beginning with the announcement, '*Hier spricht London*'. He could go where he liked, and his expenses would be paid. This enabled Mr Watkins to take Jim and Ginger along; he would, of course, have to pay for them, but as his own holiday was free he

could give these two the greatest holiday treat they had ever had without making too big a hole in the family budget. Their German tour was to last from the first day of their school holidays until the day they had to go back.

Mrs Watkins could have gone to Hove before school broke up—after all, Tommy was only 4 and could have left his kindergarten any time—but she did not trust the three ‘elders’ to run the house without her; not for a single day. She insisted on seeing them off before leaving with Tommy. It was a hustled and excited ‘good-bye’ and ‘*bon voyage*’ at Fenchurch Street Station when the three boarded the Tilbury train, with their mother insisting that each of them had two handfuls of sandwich parcels and two pockets full of oranges and chocolate. ‘You can never tell what the food’s like on the boat’, she declared.

But the food was excellent on the boat, the Channel and the North Sea were as smooth as a mirror, and the two-day crossing from Tilbury to Hamburg was a perfect pleasure trip. Mr Watkins spent most of his time in a deck-chair, reading all the German magazines he had brought along from the B.B.C. Overseas Library at Bush House, using up forests of matches to keep his pipe going, and taking occasional shots of the seagulls with his Leica. He tried to make Jim brush up his school German, but Jim said he knew enough for the landing and the rest would come ‘automatically’. All through the crossing, he was hanging about the engine-room, the radio cabin, and the radar set. The ship’s officers, used to this kind of thing, had a special technique of letting boys see what interested them most while keeping them at arm’s length from any knobs they might try to twiddle.

Then came the long journey up the Elbe until, between Blankenese and Nienstedten, the first roofs and pinnacles of the great city emerged from Hamburg’s peculiar early morning haze, showing the contours of the town in blue and silver tints. ‘Like mother-of-pearl’, said Ginger. But by the time the ship approached the pier, this haze was already giving way to an almost southern clarity and radiance of gold and all the colours of a painter’s palette.

It was the port that fascinated Jim more than anything. Great ocean liners, much bigger than the ships in the Pool of London,

moved slowly among tiny tugs, modest barges, and Elbe steamers crammed with people. The noise of riveting-hammers, ships' sirens, and the clanking of anchor chains completed the sound-picture. The wharves and shipyards on either side of the Elbe were throbbing with life. You did not have to look up your guide-book to discover that the harbour was the heart and soul of Hamburg, that the city's whole existence was tied irrevocably to the sea.

These were the images and reminiscences which kept passing through Jim's mind while he tried to find the sleep his over-tired brain and body needed. But perhaps he did not try hard enough; perhaps he preferred going back over as many details as possible of that exciting day. The drive from the pier to the hotel, for instance. The taxi-driver replied in English when Mr Watkins, in his best German, asked him to take them to their hotel. Mr Watkins appreciated this very little because he was extremely proud of his German accent, but the driver said at once that he had seen too many Englishmen, in and out of uniform, to get taken in even by the most flawless German. 'Hamburg is the Englishest German town, you know', he explained. 'We all learn English at school. It's the sea, I suppose. English is the language of the sea, yes?'

He drove them slowly through the town. Nearly half of Hamburg's houses had been destroyed or damaged in Allied air-raids during the war, he explained, but the town was being rebuilt rapidly, at the rate of 25,000 flats—most Germans are flat-dwellers—per year. Despite the heavy raids on the town centre there was now hardly any damage visible. Jim and Ginger were most impressed by the gigantic business buildings in modern style and unusual architectural designs: Chile House, which looked like the pointed bow of an enormous ship, Ballin House, Sprinkenhof, and all the other skyscraper-like houses in the business centre.

And there were other attractive, if less impressive, things that caught their eye.

'Look—the sausages! And that enormous ham! And—and those *beautiful* cakes with cream on top!' cried Ginger when the taxi, held up by the traffic, happened to stop in front of a row of

shops crammed with delicious foodstuffs. 'Can't we get out here, Daddy?'

But the taxi started again along the shopping street with the alluring windows. Then, suddenly, the view changed from the modern to the romantic and idyllic. They drove along the Binnen-Alster, a large kind of lake within the town; graceful sailing-boats glided over the glistening water; beautiful old houses lined the wide promenades along the banks, flanked by enormous trees. In the background, canals and bridges completed the enchanting scene.

'Unpack your things first', Mr Watkins decided at the hotel when the two wanted to rush out again. After lunch, they took the tram to Stellingen, to Hagenbeck's Zoo. . . .

Jim was asleep at last.

Although Jim had gone to sleep so late, he woke early. He quietly got ready and went downstairs. His father was already at breakfast in the lounge over a cup of coffee. 'I warn you', he said, 'there isn't a decent cup of tea to be had in all Germany; but they could teach our girls how to make good coffee. You try. . . .' He poured Jim a cup. How good it tasted, together with the fresh rolls with plenty of butter. Jim's mind was full of questions. 'All that nice food, the luxury in the shops . . . the cars . . . the elegant people', he wondered. 'It looks as though Germany were richer than Britain--and as if she had never lost a war. Is everybody so well off in Germany?'

'I'm glad you're going to see this country properly, not like the ordinary tourist or holidaymaker', his father replied. 'Holiday-makers are mostly taken in by that façade of high life. For it is only a façade. It's not the real Germany.'

'Well, what *is* the real Germany?'

'I want you to find out for yourself, Jim. But I can tell you this much: you will discover that standards of living in Germany have not been levelled out as they have been in Britain since the war--no one's going hungry in England, and there aren't many people with fantastic fortunes; the workers are paid at a fair rate, and by and large we all have some feeling of responsibility towards our fellow-citizens. Well, these things haven't yet developed to

such an extent in Germany. Two terrible wars have made people harder and less inclined to care for the other fellow. Democracy doesn't grow in a day, you know. Hitler's callous dictatorship has thrown them back a long way on the road to democracy.'

'But what has it got to do with the things we saw in the Jungfernstieg?'

'Everything. There are a number of Germans who are all out for making money quickly, spending it on luxuries, and letting the devil take the hindmost. Make hay while the sun shines, that's their motto. Still, the country has recovered splendidly since the chaos of 1945—the Germans call it their "economic miracle". But wages are not high, and there is also some unemployment. Pensioners are existing on very little indeed. You have to look closely to see the threadbare trousers and frayed shirtcuffs. And I wonder how many of those wonderful cars in the streets have been paid for in full—people here like to buy on hire-purchase.'

'But they enjoy driving them as long as they've got them', said Jim, not yet convinced that this German way of life was not preferable to the modest, careful, British one.

'Don't get me wrong, Jim. It's only a small group of people who live in this way, and only relatively few who can afford all the luxuries you have seen. But they are more conspicuous than the poorer, hard-working, unpretentious masses. I don't want you to fall into the same trap as so many of our British travellers who will tell you that Germany's won the war. It is not all gold that glitters— Oh, there's Ginger, at last! Good morning, or should I say Good evening?'

'It looks like it, doesn't it?' Ginger replied, cheerfully attacking her boiled egg. She was right. The day had turned out grey and drizzly, but the Alster, with its reflection of the spires and trees against a background of clouds, looked so beautiful that, after breakfast, Mr Watkins went out with Jim and Ginger to take a photograph, despite Jim's prediction that there wouldn't be anything on the film but drizzle. They walked along the embankment, and Mr Watkins looked through the viewer.

'*Kein schönes Wetter zum Photographieren,*' a voice said behind them. They turned round. A tall old gentleman with an umbrella, and with a shock of white hair emerging from under a

broad-brimmed soft hat, smiled at them. Mr Watkins replied in German.

'What did he say?' Ginger asked Jim.

'I think he said it wasn't a fine day for taking pictures—just what I told Dad.'

'Ah, the gentlemen and the young lady are English travellers?' said the man with the large hat. 'This weather must remind you of home. Like you English, we Hamburg people have all been born with webs between our toes, so to speak. We don't mind the rain. Besides, the sun will come out soon again.'

'What do you think he wants?' Ginger whispered to Jim.

'Bet he wants to sell us some postcards', said Jim.

But he was wrong. The old gentleman doffed his hat, made a little bow, and introduced himself: 'Professor Otto Krause, retired.' He had been teaching social history at the University until the year before, he said, and had not yet quite got used to doing nothing. 'Your old people have gardens to work in', he said. 'But in Germany we live mostly in flats with no gardens. So we have to find other ways of amusing ourselves. I like to walk about the town, and if I can make new friends—all the better.'

'Can't get away from teachers', Jim whispered to Ginger. But Professor Krause turned out to be a source of most interesting information. Mr Watkins suggested that they should all sit on the terrace of the famous Alster-Pavillon café at the edge of the Binnenalster, a few feet above the ceaseless traffic of the Jungfernstieg, under the multi-coloured garden umbrellas shielding them from the drizzle.

'I was in Hamburg just after the war', said Mr Watkins, 'but I could hardly recognize the spots I used to know. The air-raids had made a terrible mess of the town. I remember that three thousand wrecked ships were blocking the harbour; there was no electricity for light and power, very little food, and hardly any fuel—'

'So you know what Hamburg was like in those dreadful days', said the Professor, thoughtfully sipping his iced coffee through a straw. 'But we've had our ups and downs throughout Hamburg's history, ever since the first settlers arrived on the banks of the Elbe and Alster to build their fishermen's huts on piles in the swampy ground.'

'On piles?' asked Ginger.

'Yes, and they are still building that way in Hamburg. Look around you—all these magnificent buildings in the centre of the town are erected on piles, many thousands of them, rammed into the marshy soil to support the weight of the concrete, steel, and brickwork. Have you seen our magnificent Town Hall? Well, it needed eight thousand piles to support those mighty walls and that tall steeple.'

'I remember,' said Jim, 'I saw it on our way from the port to the hotel. It looks very impressive—it somehow reminds you of wealthy merchants and the Middle Ages with all that sort of thing—'

'Certainly. And Hamburg was indeed a rich city in the old days. Though it has seen its lean times, too', mused the Professor. 'Charlemagne founded it, and the Emperor Barbarossa granted the town free access to the sea more than 750 years ago. The people of Hamburg have been independent ever since. We are a city-republic—we were republicans even under the Kaiser!'

'I remember reading that when the Emperor visited Hamburg, its mayor used to receive him standing on the highest step of the Town Hall stairs', said Mr Watkins.

'Quite correct. There are only two cities in Germany which had such power and independence—Hamburg and Bremen. We are proud of this independent spirit. It springs from the sea. Many generations of merchants and sailors have formed it, the Hanseatic League with its eighty-five cities turned it into reality—and into solid gold', the Professor added with a chuckle. 'The gold may have gone, but there are still the ships, and there's still the sea. And many of our youngsters have gone out into the world again to work in foreign lands and meet people in other countries.'

'As the taxi-driver said yesterday: "Hamburg is the Englishest German town"', Mr Watkins laughed. 'I'm glad we're starting our tour here. Hamburg is a half-way house between England and the Continent. We've got much in common.'

'Excuse me', the Professor said suddenly and got up, waving to someone in the street. 'Margot! *Komm mal her!*' he called. A girl of about 12, with long fair plaits tied with pink ribbons,



stopped in the street. 'Onkel Otto!' she cried, and ran up the steps towards the table where the four were sitting.

'This is my niece, Margot', the Professor introduced her. 'She cannot speak English yet. *Wo gehst du denn hin?*'

'*Schwimmen, Onkel Otto.*'

Jim, proudly indicating that he knew what they were talking about, said, 'Dad, I'd very much like to have a swim myself, and so would Ginger, wouldn't you, Ginger? Perhaps Margot could show us where——'

'Oh, yes, please!' said Ginger.

'But children, it's raining . . . no, it's not', Mr Watkins checked himself.

'If I know my Hamburg weather the sun will be shining in five minutes', said the Professor. '*Nun, Margot, möchtest du die beiden jungen Herrschaften mitnehmen?*'

'*Gern, Onkel Otto, aber ich kann doch kein Englisch!*'

'Never mind', said Jim, 'I'll teach her English. It ought to be fun.'

Within five minutes, everything was settled: they would first have to return to the hotel to pick up Ginger's bathing-costume and Jim's trunks. Jim said he was sure he knew the way, and he was told when he and Ginger were expected back there. Margot was given instructions by her uncle on how to take care of her English charges, and Jim was handed some German money. The three companions set out.

'And don't forget that the traffic moves on the right in Germany!' Mr Watkins cried after his offspring as they prepared to cross the road.

Mr Watkins arrived somewhat tired at the hotel. He had been wandering about the town with the Professor, trying to find the two houses where his favourite composers, Mendelssohn and Brahms, had been born; but he discovered that both places had been destroyed, the first by the Nazis, the second by bombing.

He had his lunch alone, wondering how the children would feed themselves; but he knew enough of Germany to be quite sure that wherever they went they would find something to eat.

He was just thinking of lying down for a nap when the hotel

porter came up to his table with an important air, and handed him a telegram. He tore it open. It read: SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU ON HOLIDAY PLEASE RING ME AT ONCE BUSH HOUSE BANTING

His first impulse was to tear up the telegram and forget all about it. Then he reflected: after all, he owed his trip, and that of the children, to the B.B.C. Of course he would ring Banting, the Programme Controller, see what he wanted, and try to talk him out of it.

He went into the telephone booth. '*Fernamt bitte . . . Ich mochte mit London sprechen. Covent Garden 3456. Jawohl—drei-vier-fünf-sechs . . . Gut, ich bleibe am Apparat.*'

Ten minutes went by. Then London came through: B.B.C. Bush House answered. He asked for Mr Banting.

'Is that you, Watkins? Having a good time in Hamburg? Now look here. I'm dreadfully sorry, but you may have to help us out. We're in a fix. You know we have to get some recordings from the Writers' Congress which starts in Berlin the day after tomorrow?'

'Yes. The *Sender Freies Berlin* are going to do them, and let us have the recorded tape by airplane.'

'That was the general idea. Well, I've had word from them this morning that two of their men are down with jaundice—some epidemic, I understand—and that they can't record for us.'

Mr Watkins knew what was coming. 'Too bad', he said.

'Now I know you're a good sport, Watkins. Could you pop over to Berlin and record for us? The radio technicians will be at your disposal, the equipment is there, we just need someone to do the commentary and decide which of the speeches should be recorded on the magnetic tape. Oh, yes, and perhaps an interview or two with the more important writers. That's all.'

'Is it? Well, Mr Banting, I just can't do it. Sorry.'

'Hello—— Hamburg—— you still there, Watkins? There was someone else on our line. Said he couldn't do it.'

'That was I. You see, I've got two of my children with me. I can't possibly leave them alone for days, can I? The girl is only eleven, and Jim——'

'Now listen, Watkins. I don't want to get on my knees, but you're the only man I can trust with a job of that sort. You have

the technical know-how as well as the literary knowledge to decide what we want and what we don't. I doubt if the chaps on the spot could do it better than you—even if they hadn't got jaundice. I'm sure you'll find ways and means to dispose of your offspring while you're in Berlin. Don't let me down.'

Mr Watkins sighed. 'A fine holiday. I wish I knew what to do with the children. They're here for the first time, they can't speak much German. . . .'

'I'll get an extra allowance for you so you can leave them enough money for ice-cream and *Sauerkraut*. Now this is what you do: go to the BEA office and confirm the seat on the Berlin machine, which I booked for you—day after to-morrow, ten a.m. from the terminus. You'll be at the Berlin Funkhaus by lunch-time. Dr Winkler is expecting you. And thanks awfully for——'

'All right, all right.'

Mr Watkins rang off. Knitting his brow, he took out his pipe and filled it slowly. This was a nice kettle of fish. . . .

'Can I get you anything, Herr Watkins?' asked the hotel porter, who watched him pacing up and down in the empty lounge. Mr Watkins stopped.

'Yes. Get me the best maps of north-west Germany. And the railway time-table. And all the folders you have of Bremen and Hanover.'

Chapter 2

BETWEEN TWO SEAS

'OH, DAD, please don't be angry because we're so late. We had such a wonderful time at the beach, and Margot said we should see her father——'

'You know, we went by steamer to the Strandbad Cranz . . . and on our way back we went through the Elbe Tunnel . . . you must see the Elbe Tunnel, Dad, it's terrific, really it is——'

'And Margot's father said he'd take us on a two-day trip to Lübeck and Kiel if you let us go. . . . Please, Dad, do let us go!'

'Dad, have you ever seen the *Fischmarkt* at St Pauli? You must see it, and take some pictures there. . . . Dad, what's the matter?'

Their father was quite obviously not standing up to the children's onslaught with his usual composure. He was sitting on the bed of his hotel room, among maps and folders spread out right and left, listening to Jim's and Ginger's excited report with a worried look.

'Well, what *is* the matter?' asked Jim, planting himself firmly in front of his father.

Mr Watkins sucked his empty pipe, which was always a sign that he was in the act of making up his mind. 'Look here', he said at last, 'I've got to tell you something you won't like.'

'Ugh', said Ginger. Jim just stared at his father.

'I've got to go to Berlin for a few days', Mr Watkins continued. 'I had a telegram from Bush House, and rang them up. They want me to do some work in Berlin. I'll have to take a 'plane the day after to-morrow. Now about you two——'

'Why . . . aren't we going with you, Dad?' asked Jim.

'I'm afraid that can't be done. You know the difficulty about Berlin. It's a kind of island in the Eastern Zone. I've got to fly there and back. I can't afford the money for two more return

tickets. Besides, I couldn't get reservations at such short notice. And I wouldn't have any time for you in Berlin. It's just work for me. So. . . ' Mr Watkins hesitated: 'So I'm terribly afraid I'll have to leave you two in Western Germany till Monday. But——'

'You mean', said Jim, 'we're going to be on our own till then?'

His father sucked sorrowfully at his empty pipe. 'That', he said in a glum voice, 'is the general idea, I'm sorry to say.'

Jim looked at him, and then at Ginger. Then the youngsters suddenly burst out laughing. 'Sorry—did you hear that, Ginger—he's sorry! Oh, Dad, you're simply wonderful. Why on earth should you be sorry? We're going to have the time of our lives, aren't we, Ginger?'

Their father's worried expression cleared up a little. 'I'm glad you take it in such good spirits', he said. 'I was afraid it would be a shock to you. But are you aware, Jim, that you'll now be responsible for Ginger?'

Jim drew himself up to his full height. 'O.K., old man', he said in his most superior voice, patting his father condescendingly on the back with one hand while twirling an imaginary handlebar moustache with the other, 'don't you worry about your darling daughter, she's in safe hands. But I see—ahem—that you've made some plans. Well, let's hear them.'

'I want to go to the theatre', said Ginger.

'You will do what I decide is good for you,' Jim turned to her. 'I'm the head of the family now, and don't you forget it. Put your tongue in at once, Watkins junior!'

'Dad, you should give Jim a thrashing before you leave. He's getting uppish.'

'Quiet now!' Mr Watkins asserted himself. 'Jim, you said something about Margot's father wanting to take you on a 'rip.'

'Yes. He's an engineer working for a firm that makes what he calls *Eisschränke*. What is it, Dad?'

'Refrigerators. Now go on.'

'He's on the maintenance side, and has to see about some refrigerators in Lübeck and Travemünde and Kiel. He's taking Margot along and wants to take us, too. He says we simply must see Schleswig-Holstein because it's so lovely. They'll start tomorrow after lunch.'

'And when will they be back in Hamburg?'

'The next evening.'

'Can't I go to the theatre?' asked Ginger.

'Please, Ginger! First things first', said her father. 'Now that trip is perhaps a good idea. . . .'

'Hurrah!'

' . . . That means you're back in Hamburg on Friday night. And we're going to meet again on Monday at lunch-time—in Hanover. I've worked it all out for you. Now listen. . . .'

A few hours later, the Watkins family, reinforced by Margot, went to get their tickets at the Thalia-Theater. Rather to their surprise there was no queue. The Germans appeared to be allergic to standing in line—it reminded them too much of the dismal days of the soup-kitchen, of *Schlangestehen* (the German word for queuing, meaning 'to stand in snake-line') at the coal-merchant's shop, and of waiting for the dole at the Labour Exchange. There were always shapeless blobs of thronging humanity at the tram stops, the box offices, the shop counters; 'first come, first served' was a rarely observed principle, and the strongest elbows were, as a rule, the best argument in favour of getting what you wanted quickly.

Ginger had won the day, which in this case meant the evening, with her demand to go to the theatre. She wanted to become an actress; on a real stage, not in the films, as she had confessed to Jim. There was only one thing that troubled her: she was sure she was one of the ugliest girls in the world. 'Do you think they'd take anyone with freckles like mine?' she used to say sadly. Jim would try to console her: 'Never mind, they'll smear an inch of make-up on your dial, and you'll see your name in lights in no time!'

The Thalia was the only theatre in Hamburg that was now open; the others were closed for their annual holidays. Fortunately, the Thalia was the traditional home of the operetta and light musical, so that the chief interest was in the music, the ballet, and the singing, which the children could understand without being very familiar with the language. It was Johann Strauss's operetta, *Die Fledermaus*, which they were going to see.

Ginger was very much thrilled by the festive atmosphere in

the theatre—she noticed that there was much more perfume in the air than in an English auditorium—by the innumerable lights, the long tuning of the orchestra, the hum of excitement in the stalls and on the balconies. Then came the sudden hush when the lights dimmed, and the conductor lifted his baton. . . .

The children—and that included Margot—did not understand much of the plot, which was silly, as in most operettas, but they loved the music, the voices, the costumes, and the dancing. ‘Perhaps I’ll be a dancer one day instead of an actress’, said Ginger. ‘They have such lovely dresses!’

After the show, Mr Watkins took them all to supper in a restaurant which served Hamburg specialities. He had a bowl of the famous eel soup, which turned out to contain nearly everything one might find in the sea except a wreck; Jim insisted on having a ‘Hamburger’, which appeared in the shape of an alarm-clock, resting on a bed of roasted onions and surrounded by three different vegetables; Ginger, at Margot’s suggestion, had a plate of *Hamburger frische Suppe*, beef soup with a chunk of tender meat and several little dumplings; but Margot ordered her own favourite dish (*‘Zu schwer für englische Mägen’*,—‘Too rich for an English stomach’, she declared). It was called, in the Hamburg *Platt*, the local idiom, *Arfensupp mit Snuten und Poten*—pea soup with pig’s snout and feet. But it was served in a large tureen, and in the end the *englischen Mägen* had to taste a large sample each, for Margot could not bear the idea of the tureen being sent back half-full.

‘*Sind die Londoner Theater besser als unsere?*’ Margot wanted to know.

‘No, on the whole I think your German theatres are first-class’, said Mr Watkins, repeating in German what Margot could not understand. ‘But the whole system is different. You see, in England there are no *Ensembles*, no permanent teams of players and producers, or dancers and singers, except the Old Vic, Sadler’s Wells, and the smaller provincial repertory companies. Someone with sufficient money hires a theatre, gets a play, and engages the producer and the actors for that particular production. If it’s a success, it runs for as long as there are bookings, evening after evening.’

'Or it closes down after a couple of days if it's a flop', said Jim and winked at his father—who had once written a play himself as a young man. It was about a teacher who fell in love with a school-ma'am, and it nearly ruined the Playguild which had been courageous enough to put it on. Their mother had told Jim all about it.

'Never mind that', said Mr Watkins. 'As I was going to say, Germany has an entirely different system. Nearly every town has its State Theatre or Opera House, and usually also a Municipal Theatre. They all have their permanent *Ensembles* of actors, singers, producers, conductors, musicians, dancers, and technical personnel.'

'But how can they pay for all these people?' Ginger wanted to know. 'The tickets are not very dear, are they?'

'No, as a rule they are cheaper than in the West End in London. But the State or the town are prepared to lose on their theatres; they are subsidized by the taxpayers' money, not unlike our public libraries. They are considered an essential part of communal life.'

'But aren't there any private theatres?' asked Jim.

'Oh, yes, but they are usually small, and don't embark on very expensive productions. But here, the playgoers' organizations are a great help.'

'*Wir sind Mitglieder der Volksbühne*', said Margot.

'Yes, the *Volksbühnen*, the playgoers' associations, have many thousands of members in each town. You pay a few marks per month, and that entitles you to see one or two shows in the State, town, or private theatres—opera, drama, or comedy. So the theatres can always be assured of a certain number of patrons at each performance; but the playgoers have less choice than those in London. It's mainly a matter of going to the theatre when and where it's your turn; the membership numbers are announced in the press. This does not mean, of course, that you can't go to the theatre without being a member—only you have to pay more for your seat.'

'And if a play runs for months or even years, do they have to see it again and again?'

'Plays do not run for such a long time in Germany, and as all the theatres are what we would call repertory theatres, they

have three or four different plays every week, and about half a dozen new productions each season—which runs, as a rule, from September to July. Let's have a look at this week's programme', said Mr Watkins, and reached for the newspapers, which were hanging on hooks on the wall, as in every German restaurant or café. 'They'll tell us what the first week after the holidays will bring. Hamburgische Staatsoper', he read out. 'Monday, *Tosca*. Tuesday, *The Magic Flute*. Wednesday, *Siegfried*—and so on. Deutsches Schauspielhaus, a smaller State-owned theatre for straight plays: *Iphigenie*, by Goethe, John Osborne's *The Entertainer*, and an old Spanish comedy on Wednesday. Kammer-spiele—that's a private theatre: *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Pygmalion* . . .'

'Yes—I know Shaw and Shakespeare!' said Margot excitedly.

'I'm sure you do', replied Mr Watkins. 'It's really amazing how much these two British authors are played in German theatres. One could almost think they were German playwrights!'

'*Verstehst du Shakespeare?*' Jim asked Margot. He had to summon a lot of courage to say anything in German. '*Ich versteh nicht viel*. And if you don't understand properly it's boring, especially in school, isn't it?'

Margot was puzzled. 'You—not understand Shakespeare?' she ventured in her friends' language. '*Aber Shakespeare is English, no?*'

Mr Watkins explained. Shakespeare's language was 350 years old, a very different language from present-day English. But the translations of his plays used in the German theatres were only 150 years old. They were made at the beginning of the romantic period of literature, in Goethe's time, when the German language was at its most beautiful—elevated but not at all obscure to play-goers of the present day. Most of these translations were written by Schlegel and Tieck, two poets of the romantic period, and many of their lines had become proverbs just as familiar to the German people as Shakespeare's original lines were to the English: '*Sein oder Nichtsein, das ist hier die Frage*' from *Hamlet*, '*Ein Pferd! Ein Pferd! Mein Königreich für ein Pferd!*' from *Richard III*, '*Hast du zu Nacht gebetet, Desdemona?*', and a hundred other quotations.

It was rather late when they arrived back at the hotel, after seeing Margot home, so they decided not to get up very early next morning, especially as Jim and Ginger had their exciting adventure ahead of them.

However, Mr Watkins insisted that he wanted to show them the Planetarium before lunch. They were just on the point of leaving when Margot's uncle, the Professor, showed up. He had heard about the trip to Lübeck and Kiel on which his brother-in-law, the refrigeration engineer, was to take the children, and about Mr Watkins's trip to Berlin. 'Just the man I want', said the latter. 'Would you care to come to the Planetarium with us, then join us at the hotel for lunch, and go with us over the details of my plans for the two youngsters for the time they'll be on their own?'

The Professor was delighted. On their way by tram to the Stadtpark he admitted that he was a Planetarium enthusiast, and knew quite a lot about astronomy.

The Planetarium, the only one in Western Germany, fascinated even Ginger, who usually hated people pointing out the Great Bear and the Pole Star to her. Jim was completely overwhelmed by this mechanical miracle. The actual machine was in the centre of a round hall with a dome, and onto that dome it projected an accurate picture of the night sky—but with a difference: the planets and stars could be made to move at will. Within a second, you could see a whole day pass, or even a year; if you wanted to see what the night sky looked like to a caveman a hundred thousand years ago, or what it will look like a hundred million years hence, with the help of a few knobs and dials your wish could be fulfilled!

'Isn't this a magnificent achievement?' said Professor Krause. 'You will admit that our German inventors and technicians are among the first in the world, Mr Watkins.'

'No one disputes that, Professor—though sometimes one feels that you Germans are harping too much on your triumphs', said Mr Watkins, smiling. 'But just as a matter of interest, may I point out that the whole idea is an English one? There was a certain George Graham who made the first planetarium about 1700. It didn't work with projection as this one does, of course, but it showed the movements, distances, and sizes of the planets by

means of models and gears and levers. You can still see one of these machines in working order in a Glasgow museum.'

'Oh—is that so', said the Professor with a slight touch of pique in his voice. Another feather gone from the German cap!

He was his usual cheerful self again, however, as soon as his favourite dish, the 'seaman's chow', *Labskaus*, appeared on the table at lunch. It consisted mainly of corned beef and mash, and Jim said he knew it under the name of shepherd's pie. 'But why is it called "seaman's chow"?' he asked the Professor.

'That's an old joke in Hamburg. The answer is, "Because it tastes the same up or down!"'

Jim and Ginger were sent upstairs to snatch an hour's sleep before starting on their journey, while their father told the Professor what he had arranged for those four days without him. The Professor offered some useful advice, and Mr Watkins wrote out a kind of time-table for Jim, the deputy head of the family till Monday.

Herr Ingenieur Barthel's car was not a luxury limousine by any means. It was an old DKW converted into a vehicle for maintenance and delivery. The two girls were squeezed into the seat beside the driver, while Jim was made comfortable on a tool-box with a cushion on it behind Herr Barthel, and next to a reconditioned 'frige. It was great fun, and after receiving Mr Watkins's time-table, money, and admonitions, Jim felt on top of the world on his tool-box. Ginger may have had a few anxious moments as their father's familiar figure, standing in front of the hotel and waving, grew smaller and disappeared from her view, but she smiled bravely at Jim, who smiled back reassuringly as though he wanted to say, 'Don't you worry. Leave everything to me. You'll be all right!'

They picked their way through Hamburg's crowded streets towards the north-east. Herr Barthel, a stout and jolly man with pale blue eyes, short-cropped fair hair, and a ruddy complexion, was an excellent driver. In contrast to most of the other Hamburg motorists he did not use his horn often, but relied on his well-adjusted brakes. The noise of traffic, Jim found, was about twice as loud as in London during rush hour; there was much less

discipline, courtesy towards pedestrians, and politeness among drivers than in England. Once a voluminous lady with a Pekinese on the lead stepped off the kerb just in front of the Opel; Herr Barthel had to make a sharp turn to avoid running her over, and came just a trifle too near a taxi. The driver leaned out of his cabin, and shouted to Herr Barthel:

'Sie Idiot! Passen Sie doch gefälligst auf, ja!'

'Mensch, treten Sie sich man nich auf'n Schlips!' replied Herr Barthel calmly, and drove on. Jim was puzzled. He understood that Herr Barthel had advised the taxi-driver not to step on his tie.

'That's right', said Herr Barthel when Jim asked him about it. He spoke English quite well; he had been a prisoner-of-war in England. 'I suppose you would say, "Keep your shirt on, old man"!'.

'Hier kommt die Autobahn!' cried Margot.

Two minutes later, the car turned onto the *Autobahn*—one of Germany's super-speedways extending across the country almost in a straight line. It was a very wide high-road divided into two lanes by a hedge along the centre, one for traffic in each direction. Each lane was again divided by a white line into two channels, and you had to keep within the right-hand channel except for overtaking. This arrangement reduced the danger of colliding with another car. Signposts marked the turnings off the *Autobahn* into secondary roads. Margot asked if there were such roads in England too.

'Yes, a few', said Jim. 'I bet you could do a hundred miles an hour on this road, Herr Barthel.'

'I could—in another car', laughed Herr Barthel.

'But you're already doing eighty now, and it doesn't seem fast at all on this lovely road!' said Jim, pointing to the dial.

'Eighty, yes—but kilometres, not miles', said Herr Barthel. 'Don't you know we have the decimal system in Germany?'

'I know', said Ginger. 'One *Mark* is a hundred *Pfennig*, and one metre is a hundred centimetres!'

'Bravo', said Margot. *'Und wieviel ist eine Meile?'*

'A mile . . . well, I suppose it is. . . .' Jim dried up.

'About 1,600 metres', Herr Barthel helped him out. 'Can you tell me how many miles we're doing at eighty kilometres per hour?'

This time Jim saved his honour. 'Fifty', he declared after a minute of furious brainwork. To his own surprise it was correct.

Lübeck's market square, with its five-centuries-old buildings, was bathed in the golden rays of the afternoon sun. 'You can still see what an important city it was when the Hanseatic League was at the height of its power', said Herr Barthel as they climbed out of the car. 'Lübeck was the Queen of the Hanse. Merchants from England and Spain, from Italy and Russia and Scandinavia had their offices here. The riches of the whole world were to be found in these warehouses', and he pointed to the tall, pointed gables of the large old houses with their beautiful decorations in paint and sculpture. Above them, the two green steeples of the famous church of St Mary's were looking down to the harbour. 'There haven't been a great many changes here since the Bishop of Lübeck entered that church for the first time seven hundred years ago', he added.

He took the company over to the arcades of the *Rathaus*, the Town Hall, and down to the massive vaults of the *Ratskeller*—a common feature of nearly all German towns, the inn of the Town Hall, where the City Elders had had their food and wine for centuries. There was a date engraved on the wall: 1220. That was the year in which the Town Hall had been built.

They shared a large plate of *Aufschnitt*, cold slices of half a dozen different kinds of sausage, ham, brawn, and roast meat, with rolls and rye bread. Herr Barthel had a half-litre glass of light beer, served ice-cold and with an inch of froth on top, while the children had a glass of *Schorle* each, a few drops of wine in plenty of soda. It was a delicious meal.

After dinner, Herr Barthel went to see some of his customers, and Margot, who knew Lübeck from previous trips, took the two visitors into the twilight of St Mary's church with its wonderful stained-glass windows and art treasures. Then they saw the enormous old city gates, made to withstand any attack, the Hanse's salt warehouses on the Trave, Lübeck's river, and the birthplace of Thomas Mann, Germany's greatest modern writer. They strolled around the harbour. Although it was evening, there was still a good deal of hustle and bustle on the quays; Lübeck, Germany's main port for Scandinavian shipping in the Baltic,

did not seem to need much sleep. Indeed, Jim was awakened by the clanking of cranes at six o'clock in the morning, for the small, old-fashioned hotel where Herr Barthel had found accommodation was close to the harbour, which he could see in full activity from his window. Ships were loading and unloading, small boats dashing in and out, and lorries continually arriving and leaving.

He went back to bed and was soon sound asleep again, but at seven Herr Barthel came in, dressed and shaved, and seemed genuinely surprised that Jim was not up yet. 'You English are long sleepers', he said. 'We're early birds in Germany, you know!'

And so it seemed. When they got into the car at eight o'clock and threaded their way through Lübeck's narrow lanes, the whole town was already up and doing—shops were open and full of customers, doorsteps were being cleaned by energetic housewives, typewriters were merrily rattling away behind open office windows. This was a hard-working, alert, lively people.

Soon they were on the *Autobahn* again, following the course of the Trave to its mouth; and after another dozen or so kilometres across a countryside that was as flat as a table, the first dunes appeared right and left; and there was the sea, glistening in the sunlight, extending into the hazy distance.

A few minutes later they stopped on the strand promenade of Travemünde, the Baltic seaside resort. As far as they could see, there was a wide beach of fine, yellow sand, dotted with little basket huts, open in front, just big enough for a couple of people to sit in. Jim and Ginger had never seen these *Strandkörbe*, or strand baskets, before. Herr Barthel handed the children their bathing things.

'You've got a couple of hours', he said, 'while I'm seeing to some refrigerators in the hotels. There's a lovely *Strandkorb* for you!'

The sea was warm, and Jim was surprised that there was so little movement with the tide, which was just coming in. 'The Baltic is a *Binnenmeer*', explained Margot. Jim understood what she meant: a land-locked sea, connected with the Atlantic only by the narrow straits of the Kattegat separating Denmark and Sweden; thus the vast mass of the ocean with its long ebb and flow had little influence on it.

It was an international crowd on the beach; Ginger made friends with another English girl, Jim with a boy from Switzerland, and Margot discovered an Austrian family whom she had already met last year. They all swam out into the surf, and then joined forces building a sand castle. It was just completed, with a flag on the pinnacle, when Herr Barthel came down from the promenade.

'Time to start', he said. 'Five minutes allowed for dressing!'

The road to Kiel was much narrower than the *Autobahn*, which ended at Travemünde. While the children were munching the sandwiches and chocolate Herr Barthel had brought, they saw a landscape which was much more interesting than the monotonous country along the *Autobahn*. They were now in the heart of Germany's north-western province, Schleswig-Holstein, a country blessed with wonderfully fertile soil and great cultural treasures—the land that formed a bridge between two seas, the Baltic and the North Sea, many times fought over by contending armies, invaded by adventurous warriors, and itself the breeding-place of steadfast peasants and 'royal merchants', as the Hanseatic traders liked to call themselves. The importance of Schleswig-Holstein's three hundred miles of coastline was now as great as ever, but holiday-making was vying with shipping as a relatively new 'industry'. Beautiful forests and lakes came into view along the road to Kiel, alternating with rich grassland feeding the world-famous, enormously fat Frisian cattle. They passed thousand-year-old castles and churches, wooden mill-wheels being slowly turned by lazy little rivers, and silent mansions, often set in the middle of romantic lakes.

Kiel, the capital of Schleswig-Holstein, was a much more modern town and port than Lübeck. Formerly the Kaiser's naval headquarters, it was situated on the Förde, a wide fjord opening into the Baltic. Many big ships were lying at anchor in the harbour with its miles of docks and jetties, including two or three flying the Union Jack.

'Look—British ships!' cried Jim excitedly. 'They must have come all the way around Denmark!'

'Not at all', said Herr Barthel. 'They go by the Nord-Ostsee-Kanal, which cuts right through Schleswig-Holstein from the

mouth of the Elbe to Kiel. The Kiel Canal lops days off the journey from England to the Baltic!’

‘I’m hungry’, said Ginger, who was always in favour of attending to human needs before adding to her store of knowledge.

‘If you’re really hungry there’s nothing like a *Holsteiner Schnitzel*’, suggested Herr Barthel. ‘*Holsteiner Schnitzel!*’ echoed Margot. ‘*Mir läuft das Wasser im Mund zusammen!*’

‘My mouth’s watering too’, said Jim, whose understanding of the German language made enormous strides, especially where food was concerned. ‘Dad’s given me some money, Herr Barthel, and I want to pay for Ginger’s and my own *Schnitzel*.’

‘Well then, let’s go and have them!’ said Herr Barthel.

It was really the *non plus ultra* of a German dish: a giant veal cutlet baked in breadcrumbs, topped by a fried egg and an anchovy with capers, and surrounded by all sorts of vegetables, little cucumbers, and other delicacies which the English children had never seen before. ‘I don’t think I want any more food for the rest of my life’, groaned Jim when they had finished.

The children were given leave to take the bus to Laboe, farther out on the Förde, while Herr Barthel was attending to his business. ‘It’s *Kieler Woche*, you know—you’ve got to see that!’ But they had to promise to be back by five for the return journey to Hamburg.

The bus was crammed. Everybody who could afford the time tried to get out to Laboe as often as possible during the great event of the year, the *Kieler Woche*—the world-famous sailing regatta; and to judge from the languages spoken in the bus, and from the number-plates of the cars on the road, nearly every country in Europe had sent its sailing enthusiasts in this week.

Coming into Laboe the first thing they saw was a huge stone monument in the shape of a ship’s bow, put up in honour of the German sailors who fell in the first world war. And under it, in the choppy water of the Förde, were the yachts—dozens, scores, hundreds of them!

It was a breath-taking sight. The boats were dashing about, apparently without any plan or order, their tall white sails at a sharp angle to the water, the crews leaning out in an effort—seemingly desperate—to restore the balance and keep their craft

from overturning. Only after watching for a while did it become clear that it was all part of the game; none of the boats overturned, and there was, after all, a certain pattern which they followed in their criss-cross dashes over the foaming little waves.

Many thousands of people were watching the lovely spectacle—they lined the shore, stood in boats and cars, or sat on the dunes. Margot guided Jim and Ginger to a hill overlooking the Förde, which was crowded with girls and boys. Here they sat, drinking lemonade and eating ice-cream (Jim had, at last, found some room for it despite his after-lunch forecast) until Margot cried out, '*Halb fünf—ach du lieber Himmel!*'

It was indeed half-past four. They rushed to the bus terminal—just in time to see one start in a cloud of dust, crammed to the footboards. And a crowd of about a hundred people were already waiting for the next one, due to start in fifteen minutes.

Margot stood there, her arms hanging down, her eyes slowly filling with tears. '*Der Vater wird mir einen fürchterlichen Krach machen!*' she said, almost sobbing.

'What's it all about?' Ginger wanted to know.

'Can't you see, silly?' shouted Jim, already quite nervous. 'We've missed the bus, and Margot says there'll be a heck of a row if we're late.'

'Do you think Herr Barthel will start without us?' asked Ginger.

'I've got an idea', said Jim. 'We'll thumb a ride!' And without waiting for an answer he pushed Margot towards a group of people getting into a car and saying good-bye to friends. '*Adieu! Sie!*' he ordered Margot. She obeyed. But the man at the wheel only laughed, and pointed to three children and two adults who were trying to squeeze themselves into the four-seater.

Margot's tears were now running freely. The driver said he was sorry that the car wouldn't hold more people—which was obvious. But now one of the people who had said good-bye to those in the car turned to the sad little group. Jim was unable to understand what the young man said to Margot, for he spoke in the local dialect. Margot replied, also in *Platt*. And all of a sudden her face lit up, and she cried, '*Los! Kommt!*'

Wondering what was in store for them, Jim and Ginger walked

behind the young man down to the water where they had just come from. They made straight for a small speedboat, and the man beckoned to them: '*Alle Mann an Bord!*'

Before Ginger and Jim knew what was happening, the little boat was off, with its engine roaring and splashing. The white sails shot by, then rows of cranes, ships, jetties, warehouses. Twenty minutes later they were in Kiel, climbing up some steps only a few yards from Herr Barthel's car. The Town Hall clock struck five.

Chapter 3

ADVENTURE IN THE DEVIL'S MOOR

SOME MEN OF GENIUS have said that they had their best ideas in the morning, between sleeping and waking. Jim may not have been a man of genius yet, but he liked to do his thinking at that time, too; and he found that the large, Continental pillows were extremely well suited for snuggling into while one let things in general pass in review before one's closed eyes.

He was in his Hamburg hotel bed—after a sound sleep between two hectic days. The trip to Lübeck, Travemünde, and Kiel had been exciting but also exhausting. That speedboat dash back from Laboe (Margot explained later that the young man was a naval engineer, and that the speedboat was his hobby) had been almost as unreal as a dream. Ginger, tired out, had been asleep most of the time as Herr Barthel drove back to Hamburg by the quickest route. And this was their last night in Hamburg.

Jim's heart began to beat faster as he thought of the responsibility that was now his. Fortunately, he thought, his father was a thoroughly methodical man. He had left him such a beautiful programme-cum-timetable that he had only to stick to it, and all would come out well. Provided, of course, that nothing unforeseen happened. 'Let's have a look at to-day's programme', Jim said to himself, and stretched out his arm to the bedside table where he had put the paper last night.

His fingers felt for it in vain. He opened his eyes and looked. No paper. He jumped out of bed, and looked on the big table, the chest of drawers, the window-shelf. He hoped that Ginger would not choose this moment to come to see if he were awake yet—it's embarrassing for the head of a family to be caught in the act of searching frantically for his instructions! Jim went through the pockets of his suit. It was a forlorn hope, for he remembered

quite well that he had taken the paper out last night. He looked on the chairs, in the bottom of the wardrobe. Nothing. He looked underneath the bed. Nothing. . . . In getting up from his crouching and creeping activity, he knocked a chair over—and immediately heard movements in the next room. A moment later Ginger appeared at the doorway and saw a dishevelled, dusty, baffled Jim standing over the fallen chair.

‘What’s the matter? Why are you making such a noise? Are you sick?’

‘No. It’s nothing. Go to sleep again. I’m only looking for something.’ An idea struck him. ‘Have you seen Dad’s paper with the notes for us?’

‘Dad’s paper? Yes, I took it to bed to read last night. I must have gone to sleep over it. Wait a minute—I’ll look in the bed.’ She vanished and was back almost at once with a crumpled, torn piece of paper.

Jim told her off—calmly but sternly, as he had heard his father do Ginger and himself upon occasion: ‘. . . and you will now sit down and copy it faithfully, do you hear? There won’t be any breakfast before you’ve finished. Now get a move on.’

He noticed with satisfaction that Ginger accepted his authority, and the wisdom of copying Mr Watkins’s notes on a clean sheet of paper, without grumbling or sulking. He felt himself the born leader of men—and women. Ginger began to write, reading the items aloud:

‘Saturday. 8.30 a.m. Get up, wash (including brushing of teeth), pack your things, take suitcase downstairs, have breakfast. (Hotel bill has been paid.)

Tell hall porter to send a *Hausdiener* with your suitcase to the 10.15 a.m. train to Bremen. Follow him to the station. Get tickets (“*Ein Erwachsener und ein Kind dritter Klasse nach Bremen, bittel!*”). Give the *Hausdiener* 1 Mark. Board the train in good time. . . .’

Jim saw to the brushing of teeth, which meant that he himself could not skip that part of the programme either. He spotted a hole in one of Ginger’s socks, and made her put on another pair.

They were just finishing breakfast when Professor Krause

turned up to see that everything went according to plan. They did not have to trouble the *Hausdiener*; the Professor volunteered to help with their suitcase, and take them to the booking-office and the train.

'*Auf Wiedersehen in Hamburg*', he called out as the train began to move.

'*Auf Wiedersehen*,' cried Jim, '*und dankeschön für alles!*'

It was a fast train, but not an express. Somehow the coaches seemed to be heavier and more massive than the English. But to the children's disappointment, their third-class compartment was plain wood—there wasn't a shred of upholstery on the seats. The second- and first-class compartments—the German *Bundesbahn* had kept the three-class system in all but the international trains—were well cushioned: one more reminder that social distinctions were more marked in Germany than in England.

Jim had been given two illustrated weeklies by the Professor, *Kristall*, which was published in Hamburg, and *Revue*, which was printed in Munich but could be seen on most newspaper stalls in this north-western part of the country. Both magazines were very well got up, with excellent photographs, lively and topical. Jim took his little pocket dictionary out and translated the captions to Ginger.

Inevitably, one of the other passengers spoke to them—it was quite astonishing how many people knew some English, and used every opportunity to talk to foreigners in their own languages. There was none of the 'English reserve' about the Germans. Whether they wanted to be genuinely helpful, or were intent on showing off their linguistic talents, or were just bored, the effect was that an English visitor could nearly always count on someone to guide and inform him in his own language.

This time it was a young woman who tried her English on the children—and very good English it was. She was a journalist on the staff of a Hamburg paper. Jim, who sometimes toyed with the idea of becoming a journalist himself (though Mr Watkins took the view that a newspaperman should be able to spell), asked her what Germany's most important paper was—the equivalent to, say, *The Times*.

'There is no "most important paper" here', she replied. 'Or

rather, each district has its own *Times*. You see, your English press is national, and ours has always been regional—because Britain was a united country at a time when Germany was still split up into two dozen principalities, and because your communications between the capital and the provincial towns are easier—'

'National, regional. . . What do you mean?'

'Well, most of the English dailies are read all over the country, aren't they? *The Times* or the *News Chronicle* or the *Daily Graphic* have their subscribers not only in London, where they are published, but in Cardiff and Birmingham, in Edinburgh and in Leeds, and so on. There are a few papers, published in the provinces, which are read outside their own districts, for instance the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Scotsman*; but the press as a whole has what we call a national structure, with the national morning papers and even the weeklies being published in London and distributed everywhere.'

'I suppose that's the reason why they have millions and millions of copies printed every day', said Jim.

'Exactly. Now we in Germany have a regional press. Each big town has its own dailies and weeklies, which are rarely read outside the district. So when you ask a man in Hamburg what he reads he may reply the *Morgenpost*, and a man in Munich the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*. Berlin and Cologne, Stuttgart and Frankfurt—they all have their own dailies. No one in, say, Nuremberg would dream of subscribing to the *Braunschweiger Zeitung*, and there is no reason why someone in Hanover should read the *Stuttgarter Zeitung* or the *Kölnische Rundschau*. Therefore, these papers, important as they may be in their regions, have a relatively small circulation—fifty to a hundred thousand perhaps.'

'Aren't there any papers that are read all over Germany?'

'Very few. *Die Welt*, which is printed in Hamburg, is one of them; another is the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*. However, as a rule it isn't good business in Germany to run a national daily; people want to read a lot about their own particular district, and the so-called *Kleinen Anzeigen*, the cheap classified advertisements, for things to be bought and sold privately, rooms to let, jobs offered and wanted and so on—they are necessarily a local affair.'

'That sounds like the *Hampstead and Highgate Express*', said Ginger.

'Yes, but our local papers are only weeklies and don't have much topical news, politics and so on', said Jim. 'That's what people read dailies for. And the Letters to the Editor—they're much more interesting in the dailies. I love reading them, especially when people let off steam about all sorts of things. Are there many in the German papers?'

'Unfortunately not', said the young woman. 'You see, people are not used yet to voice their personal opinions in the press. All you get is some lament about a tram stop at the wrong corner or about long waits at the Labour Exchange. We Germans are still too much inclined to leave politics to the politicians. People say: what's the use if I open my mouth—nobody'll listen to the little man—so I'd rather not stick my neck out.'

'What about the letters in the Sunday papers?'

'There are no separate Sunday papers such as your *Observer* or *People* or *Sunday Chronicle*—only a few weekend magazines. All the dailies publish their own big Sunday editions on Saturday night, many of them with a lot of supplements—sports, literary, scientific, or illustrated.'

'But the big illustrated weeklies like these two here—they are read all over Germany, aren't they?'

'Some, yes. But there are quite a number of regional ones, too. There's a "Munich Illustrated", a "Cologne Illustrated", a "Frankfurt Illustrated"—and they're rarely to be seen outside their districts. You've just picked two of the few national ones from the stall!'

'Let's go through the train', said Ginger, who thought that Jim had now heard enough about newspapers. 'Isn't there a restaurant car? I'm hungry.'

'Ginger! It's only an hour since we had breakfast.'

'I'm sure there is a restaurant car', said the young woman. 'This is one of the long-distance trains. It comes from Copenhagen.'

'No restaurant car for us', declared Jim firmly. 'We haven't got that much money. Do you know how much that *Holsteiner Schnitzel* was yesterday? Three marks fifty p^{ennig}—that's six bob.'

And for each of us. *And* the tip, ten per cent. We'll have lunch in Bremen anyway.'

'You don't have to shout at me just because I'm hungry', said Ginger.

The young woman laughed. 'Perhaps there's the solution to your problem', she said, pointing to a man in a white jacket passing along the corridor and calling out: '*Heisse Würstchen, Bier, Limonade, Keks!*'

'That's more like it', said Jim and bought a pair of *Frankfurter*—thin, long sausages, served on a cardboard plate with a roll and mustard—for each of them. He had to pay eighty pfennig in all.

They walked along the train, eating their 'elevenses'. A stern-looking man in a dark blue uniform and peaked cap stopped them.

'*Die Fahrkarten, bitte!*'

This was a new one for Jim. Perhaps one was not allowed to walk along a German train? Or did he have to show their passports? He took them out and proffered them to the uniformed man, who shook his head, and said in hesitant English, 'Where is your Papa?'

'In Berlin', said Jim.

The man was not to be put off so easily. 'Your Mama?'

'In Hove', said Ginger truthfully. Surely that was a policeman.

'And—your tickets?'

So that was all! The children laughed, and the stern face of the man lit up when Jim produced his tickets. A younger man, also in uniform, came up from behind. 'He—speaks English!' said the first one, pointing to the second, and strutting away down the corridor.

The newcomer was an 'international' conductor and quite a linguist, in contrast to the older, 'local' conductor who plied only between Hamburg and Bremen. The young conductor, hearing that the two travellers came from London, wanted to know something about English trains. Jim, who had been a 'spotter' in what he called his youth, was able to answer all the questions.

'Oh, look!' Ginger interrupted their conversation, stopping at a first-class compartment. There was a man with a square face and short, grey hair over a wrinkled brow dictating to a girl working a typewriter at incredible speed with all her ten fingers. The scene

could have been captioned: 'Successful Businessman and efficient Secretary.'

'That's something new on our trains', explained the conductor. 'You can hire a secretary on a long-distance train, and dictate your letters to her. She's bound to secrecy. Or, if you prefer, you can hire a typewriter and type your own correspondence.'

'That's a good idea', said Ginger, admiringly. 'Perhaps one day they'll have a theatre in a train!'

'You're quite near the mark, young lady', laughed the conductor. 'Do you know that there are a few cinema coaches on the network of our *Bundesbahn*?'

'That's a joke, isn't it?' said Jim.

'Not at all. I've been on duty on such a train myself, so I know. It was on the *Rheinfel* luxury train running from Holland down the Rhine valley to Switzerland. I think there is another one operating on the special ski trains to the Alps in Bavaria in winter. Yes, our railways are quite enterprising. There are observation cars with glass domes, and the very popular *Gemütlichkeit* Trips with dancing on the train—'

'*Gemütlichkeit*', repeated Jim, 'I've heard the word before. But what does it mean?'

The conductor smiled. 'You're not the first foreign visitor to ask that question', he replied. 'It's an untranslatable German word—because what it means is a typically German thing. *Gemütlich* is a term with which you can describe the atmosphere of a place as well as the frame of mind of the people in it—comfortable, cosy, sociable, easy-going, homely, snug, jolly. . . . Take your choice! A party can be *gemütlich*, but so can an armchair; someone may invite you for a *gemütliche Tasse Kaffee* where you'll meet a number of *gemütliche Leute*. And some of our branch-line trains are running at a *gemütliches Tempo*—which may be quite infuriating if you want to get somewhere as soon as possible. Or you may have an argument, and things may grow *ungemütlich*: in that case you'd either give in or get out. . . .'

They all laughed. 'Now I know . . . I think', said Jim. 'But there's something else I wanted to ask you. Are the German railways now nationalized as ours are?'

'Now? Dear me, they've been State-owned for over eighty

years! Ever since the German *Reich* was founded after the Franco-Prussian War in 1871, our railways have been a national institution; first it was called *Reichsbahn*, and since 1945 *Bundesbahn*, because Western Germany is a *Bundesrepublik*. However, the whole system is run on strictly commercial lines. That means, "the customer's always right"!

'... And the donkey, the dog, the cat, and the cock, who had all escaped from their cruel masters, marched along the highway towards Bremen. Now let me see—what happened then?'

'Come on, Ginger, try to remember.'

'Oh yes. They were all hungry and went into the wood. And suddenly they came up to a house with people in it. They wanted to see what kind of people they were, and so the dog jumped on the donkey's back, and the cat on the dog's, and the cock on the cat's.'

'And what did they see?'

'The people in the house were a gang of thieves who were eating and drinking merrily. So the four animals decided to scare them with a serenade. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed. The thieves, frightened out of their wits, ran out of the house, leaving everything as it was, and were never seen again in the neighbourhood of Bremen. The animals finished the thieves' meal, and lived there happily ever after, and the grateful citizens of Bremen appointed them Town Musicians for life!'

'Bravo, Ginger. You've told the story very well. Perhaps you should become an actress after all!'

The two travellers were sitting under an old windmill in the centre of Bremen. It stood in a park with beautiful promenades, meandering along a winding strip of water—where the park was now, there had once stood the town's ramparts, and the water had been the moat. Jim and Ginger sensed the romantic mood of that town, Germany's oldest sea-port. What could be more romantic than a windmill only a few yards from the most modern shops and office buildings? Then there was Roland the Giant: an enormous statue, depicting Charlemagne's legendary nephew, hero of the Song of Roland, outside the medieval Town Hall, carrying sword and shield, symbol of the Free City of Bremen. Both the

Roland statue and the Town Hall were as old as Bremen's independence of emperors and princes, dating back to about A.D. 1400. Although Charlemagne first raised Bremen to importance by making it the seat of a Bishop, its heyday began with the prospering of the Hanseatic League.

Here and there, the travellers heard and saw references to the *Bremer Stadtmusikanten*. They were puzzled until they saw the four animals as a relief sculpture on an old house. Then Ginger suddenly remembered Grimm's fairy-tale of the Town Musicians of Bremen.

They returned to the maze of narrow, winding streets with their quaint, irregular houses. Jim had a little map of Bremen; he was a first-class map-reader. He translated the strange street names to Ginger as best he could: Grosse Hundestrasse—Great Dog Street; Schlüsselkorb—Bowl Basket; Herrlichkeit—Magnificence, and so on. They went into the St Petri-Dom, the cathedral whose construction had been begun 900 years ago, with its 500-year-old mummies, and visited the Schütting, the ancient guild-house of the Hanseatic merchants, with Bremen's motto above the entrance, '*Buten un Binnen, Wagen un Winnen*': 'Without and Within, Venture and Win'.

'Where do we stay?' Ginger wanted to know. 'Did Dad write down a hotel for us?'

'No', said Jim and consulted the precious programme in its new form, copied by Ginger. 'We are supposed to take the bus to a place called——'—he stumbled over the strange name: 'Vorpsswede.'

'Well, I've never heard of it. Why does Dad want us to go there?'

'“Famous artists' village”, he's put down on the programme.'

'I know, I copied it. So what!'

'Oh, come on, Ginger, aren't you the one with the artistic mind? I'm sure there's something in it if Dad wants us to go there.'

'I'd rather stay in Bremen and go to the theatre to-night.'

'Now look here, Ginger', said Jim sternly, 'this programme has been worked out in every detail, and if we don't stick to it I don't know where we'd land. It's my responsibility to see that everything goes according to plan. So now we'll make for the

Bahnhofplatz and take the bus number 40 to Worpswede—and see what happens.’

There was time for an *Eiskaffee*, topped with whipped cream, before the bus left. They took their seats at the front behind the driver of the elegant single-decker, and the 70-minute journey began. They passed through the northern suburbs of Bremen, and as soon as the last houses had been left behind there was the seemingly endless North German plain, with its meadows and forlorn groups of birches and firs marking silhouettes on the horizon, steeped in the mild light of a cloud-hung sky. Every now and then there was a large thatched farmhouse, hugging a colossal oak-tree; and patches of water right and left of the highroad warned the traveller that the ground was marshy. The driver turned round and told the two passengers on the front seats: ‘*Hier fängt das Teufelsmoor an!*’

‘This is where the Devil’s Moor begins’, Jim interpreted to Ginger. ‘Sounds thrilling, doesn’t it?’

It was half-past seven when the bus stopped in the centre of a row of old houses, each surrounded by a beautiful garden in flaming colours. ‘*Worpswede—alles aussteigen!*’ announced the conductor, and the people left the bus—it had been nearly full—to find accommodation. Mr Watkins had put down the ‘Hotel Stadt Altona’, as the place where he had ordered rooms for the children by postcard. They saw the hotel as soon as they had stepped down from the bus, and made for it with their suitcase.

The hotel porter behind his counter looked at them doubtfully when they told him their name.

‘Please wait a moment’, he said. ‘I will inquire.’

He came back a few minutes later, and shook his head.

‘There seems to be some mistake about the date’, he said. ‘It is for *next* week-end your rooms are reserved. And we are absolutely full.’

‘What, haven’t you any rooms at all?’ Jim asked in dismay.

The porter shrugged.

‘Everything is booked—everything, even the bathroom!’ he declared. ‘It is high season, you know, *and* week-end!’

Ginger looked at Jim, and Jim knitted his brows the way Mr

Watkins did when there was a problem to solve. 'Any suggestions where we could sleep?' he asked the porter.

'Well, not in any of the boarding-houses', said the porter. 'Perhaps in a *Kate*. Yes, you'll find something in a *Kate*.'

'And what is a *Kate*?' Jim wanted to know.

'Oh, that's what we call the farm cottages. But you have to go a little outside the village. It's not large, Worpsswede, so you have to walk only five minutes or so. Now turn left, take the first turning on the right, and right again when you come to a fork in the road—there are at least four or five *Katen*. Good luck to you!'

They left the hotel. They would have enjoyed the gorgeous sunset which painted the lovely old houses red and purple, had they not been preoccupied with their problem.

'I'm hungry, Jim', said Ginger.

'Oh, you— --!' he began to shout, but then he put down the suitcase and said, 'Matter of fact, I could do with a bit of grub myself. And I don't like carrying this thing around while we are searching for a place to stay. Here's a restaurant. Let's have a meal, and leave the suitcase here till later.'

Ginger was not very sociable during their meal. 'I was against this Worpsswede right from the start', she declared.

'Difficulties are there to be surmounted', replied Jim. He had read that somewhere. While they ate their *Heringe und Pellkartoffel*, salted herrings and potatoes served with their skins, the three men who provided the music made just a little too much noise for Jim's irritated nerves. He paid the bill as soon as they had finished—he was already quite an expert in paying bills and checking the 10 or 15 per cent. which were added in Germany for service, thus eliminating the ticklish question of tips.

They left their suitcase at the *Restaurant Künstlerklause*, and went out into the road.

'It's dark', remarked Ginger. 'How are we going to find——'

'It's not quite dark yet', Jim interrupted her, 'and we'll find the houses the porter mentioned in a few minutes.'

They took the turning to the right, and found themselves, after a few yards, in a country lane. They walked on. There were no more houses, or at least they could not see any lights; and there

were no street-lamps. All they could see was the lane ahead, lined by trees.

'Where's that fork the porter said we'd come to?' Ginger wanted to know.

Jim mumbled something about having seen no fork, and surely it would be ahead. But it didn't come. Instead, there was another lane coming up from the left.

'I think this is what the porter meant', said Jim. 'Let's take this road to the left.'

'But he said something about going *right* at a fork', Ginger said with a voice that wasn't too steady. 'I don't like it here at all.'

'I haven't brought you here to admire the scenery', said Jim. 'We've got to find a place to stay for the night, that's all.'

'I wish we'd found it already', she said sulkily, trotting behind Jim along the new lane. It grew narrower and narrower, and finally split up into two paths. Without a word, Jim took the one to the right.

'Jim', Ginger said behind him, 'I don't want to go on.'

'Don't complicate matters', said Jim in a voice that betrayed his irritation. 'Of course you'll go on. . . . Hey, what's this!'

He stopped dead. The path had come to an end. Before him was a little pool of water; right and left were more little pools, reflecting the pale sickle of the moon. They were in the moor—the 'Devil's Moor', as the bus-driver had called it.

'Let's turn back', said Jim glumly.

'I'm frightened, Jim. I didn't want to come here in the first place. I wish we'd never come here. . . .'

'All right, all right. There's no reason to lose one's head. We've got into this moor, and we'll get out of it again.' But he didn't sound at all reassuring. The path was hardly visible beneath their feet. Jim was not sure whether they were going back the way they had come. Suddenly he stepped into a soft patch of ground, and jumped back, catching hold of Ginger's arm. 'Wait——'

'What's the matter? Why don't we go on? I want to get away from here!'

'So do I. . . .' He looked round. Where could they turn to get out of the Devil's Moor?

'Ginger', he said all of a sudden, 'do you see what I see? There's a light!'

'Where? Yes, it's a light! Let's run for it!'

'Stay where you are!' Jim held her arm even more tightly. 'We mustn't run. The ground is treacherous. We'll shout until someone hears us. Hul—loh! . . . Hul—loh!'

Ginger joined him with her thin voice. Then they listened. There was no sound. 'Hul—loh——'

A dog barked not far away. Then a door-hinge creaked. 'Ruhig, Nero', said a voice. 'Ist da jemand?'

'Ja—hier—im Moor!' shouted Jim.

'Bleibt, wo ihr seid—ich komme!' the voice called back.

'He's coming', Jim told Ginger. A minute later, the light of a lamp, swinging to and fro, appeared between the bushes. Jim could not help squeezing Ginger's arm with relief.

The main room of the *Kate* was dining-room, kitchen, and parlour in one. Enormous oak beams supported the wooden ceiling. The walls were tiled, and each tile had a little picture in blue on white. There was a big hearth, serving as a kitchen range and stove, surrounded by shelves with cooking utensils and crockery. A young man, an old lady, and a girl of about 16 were sitting around the big oak table in the middle of the room. They looked up with surprise and curiosity when the old man and the dog, who had gone out into the moor, entered with Jim and Ginger.

'Schaut, was ich im Moor gefunden habe!' laughed the old man. 'Zwei junge Engländer!' He could not speak a word of English; but the old lady, his wife, could at least make herself understood to the travellers, and Jim's German filled in the gaps.

When the family—the old couple, their son and their daughter—heard Jim's and Ginger's story, they were at once offered accommodation in the *Kate*, free of charge. The son got his bicycle out and fetched the suitcase from the *Restaurant Künstlerklause*. The daughter prepared the beds, and the old lady made coffee for everybody; it was served with delicious *Napfkuchen*—pound-cake shaped like a wheel, with a hole in the middle.

What puzzled the visitors was that these people, although

living in a farm-house and obviously running a farm, did not look like farmers at all. Their faces, their urbane manners, their colourful but tasteful garments and the style of the things in the room reminded the children somewhat of the homes and shops in Hampstead. Jim ventured a question; in reply, the old couple got up and beckoned their guests to follow them. They mounted the stairs, and when they had reached the top of the house Jim and Ginger were shown into a large room. To their surprise they found themselves in an artist's studio, with a skylight ceiling.

The walls were hung with pictures, most of them landscapes. One part of the studio seemed to be reserved for sculpture and there was a small potter's wheel in the corner.

Ginger's delight grew with every object she saw: the sculptures, most of them animal figures, and the ceramic articles aroused her especial enthusiasm. The old man was the painter, and his wife the sculptress; she and her daughter had made the ceramic articles between them. 'Fortunately', she said smiling, 'my son is no artist—he runs the farm!'

'I'm glad we came to Worpswede, after all', said Ginger. 'This is a strange place, with studios in farm-houses. . . .'

'Please, tell us something about this village', Jim asked the old lady, and between them, in German and English, with some interpreting to Ginger and a great deal of expressive gesticulating on the part of the old artist, the story of Worpswede was pieced together.

At the beginning of this century, a small group of painters discovered the peculiar landscape of the Devil's Moor, and settled in the prosperous farming community of Worpswede. Some of these artists won international reputations with their work, and within a few years the little village in Lower Saxony was very well known all over the Continent. The painters were joined by sculptors, authors, and poets—the most famous among them was Rainer Maria Rilke, who lived here for a while with his sculptress wife. The artists left their mark in every house, and all branches of what the Germans call *Kunstgewerbe*—applied art—thrived in Worpswede: pottery, weaving, the goldsmith's art, carpentry, photographic art. The old *Katen* grew new top storeys—artists' studios; exhibitions were held all the year round.

Worpswede had become a small but integral part of German cultural life.

The next morning, the visitors' host took them on a short round through some of his friends' studios; many of them, like his own, were combined with farms, thus giving the artists a steady source of income. Some of the artists kept their own shops.

The Devil's Moor looked quite harmless in broad daylight, and Jim was embarrassed to discover how stupidly he had missed the way last night. The old artist took them through the village, past the eighteenth-century church in beautiful, ornamental Baroque style, and up the hill dominating Worpswede.

Looking down from here, the visitors understood well enough why so many artists flocked to the Devil's Moor. For many miles around, the flat land with its meadows and rivers formed an impressive contrast to the dramatic clouds in the sky, and the colours blended in a strange but completely harmonious pattern: the green of the firs and the grass, the red of the house walls, the brown of the thatched roofs, and the black sails of the peat-carrying boats on the river Hamme, gliding along quietly and mysteriously on the mirror-like water. And sure enough, there were three or four artists with their easels and palettes on the slopes of the hill, each of them interpreting the scene in his or her own way.

'Can we stay here for another day?' Ginger asked.

'I like that', said Jim. 'First you make a scene because I brought you here according to Dad's plan, and then you don't want to leave again. We've got to be in Hanover to-morrow at lunch-time. You know that as well as I do. Now let's see what time our bus starts for Bremen; from there we'll go by train to Hanover.'

'But we've seen Bremen, haven't we? Couldn't we go by some other route?'

'You don't make things easy for me, Ginger. Remember, I've got to stick to Dad's programme. Let's have a look.' He scanned the precious piece of paper. 'Return bus from Worpswede at twenty-five hours thirty minutes . . . Twenty-five hours—? What on earth does that mean? Ginger—you copied this!'

Ginger looked at her work. 'Yes, it says 25. You know they've got that funny system of time-table hours on the Continent!'

'They've got the 24-hour system, that's right. But there is no such thing as 25 o'clock!'

'Isn't there?'

'Of course not, silly. One p.m. is 13 hours, 10 p.m. is 22 hours, and midnight is 24 hours. Then it starts again with one. See? And now explain this "25" to me, please.'

'Well. . . .' Ginger mused, 'perhaps it was 15 on Dad's paper, and I made a mistake. Don't *you* ever make mistakes? Just remember last night when we were trying to find—'

'". . . Perhaps, perhaps". Buses don't run perhaps. We've got to know for sure.' Jim turned to the old artist, who was walking down the hill in front of them. '*Bitte—wann fährt der Autobus?*' he asked.

'*Fragen wir den Portier im Hotel Stadt Altona!*'

The hotel porter was busy helping to put a dozen pieces of luggage into a huge American car, supervised by its owner, a short, energetic lady with a purple hat and reddish-blond hair. As soon as he stepped back from the car, Jim asked him about the buses back to Bremen.

'Fifteen thirty—half-past three,' the porter suggested.

'Thanks. You see, Ginger—15, not 25!'

'Do I hear English voices?' said the lady with the purple hat, and shut the luggage compartment in the boot of her car. 'I'm American', she added, but there could not have been the slightest doubt about that fact.

'We are from London', said Ginger.

'And is this your Pa?' The lady pointed at the old artist.

'*Ich verstehe kein Englisch*', he said and smiled.

Within half a minute of intense questioning, she knew what there was to know about the young travellers. 'So you want to be in Hanover to-morrow at lunch-time? I want to be in Harzburg to-morrow night—I've booked an apartment there for a fortnight. But I want to see Lüneburg and the Heath on the way. Would you two like to come with me?' And as Jim looked inquiringly at Ginger, she added, 'I'm not a kidnapper. I just like company. Are you coming?'

Twenty minutes later, they climbed into the American car. The artist's family had come along to see them off. And stowed away

in their suitcase between socks and pants was a little earthenware rabbit, a present for Ginger from their hostess.

The American lady—Mrs Lilian Steinbeck Smith from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania—told them everything about herself while she drove at a leisurely pace along the narrow road towards the Lüneburger Heide. Her forefathers, the Steinbecks, had emigrated to America from Lüneburg after the Revolution of 1848, when many progressive and Democratic Germans believed that the cause of liberty was lost in Germany, and that the United States was the land of the future. Mrs Smith had always wanted to see the 'old country'. While her husband, an estate agent, was alive, that dream never materialized; now that he had died she had money enough, and sufficient time, to make her pilgrimage to Lüneburg, and then rest her nerves at Bad Harzburg, the famous spa in the Harz mountains.

She had prepared herself thoroughly for her trip, reading up everything she could find on the country of her great-grandparents; and she was happy to have found an appreciative audience in the shape of Jim and Ginger.

'Just think', she said, 'these hills and woods and moors of Lower Saxony, between the Weser and the Elbe, were once the battleground of the Roman legions, of the armies of Charlemagne, and of the dozen nations that fought the Thirty Years' War; and from this part of Germany, from Hanover, came the princes who ruled England as kings for a century. Look—the Heath, the Lüneburger Heide!'

Mrs Smith stopped the car on the crest of a hill overlooking a lovely countryside, with red, mauve, and green colourings, extending to the far horizon in gentle waves. The thatched roofs of farmhouses peeped through the trees and juniper bushes of a valley, and a flock of black-nosed sheep, guarded by their stolid-looking shepherd, grazed on the banks of a small stream. Holiday-makers with their rucksacks wandered past, and young people in canoes, in groups of twos and threes, paddled up and down the placid river.

'And to think that only two or three generations ago this part of the world was reckoned to be a desert!' exclaimed Mrs Smith. 'My father always told me that the people of Lüneburg and the other towns in the Heath never ventured across if they could help

it. There were all kinds of legends and ghost stories, and it was a favourite haunt of footpads in the old days. But now people come from all over Germany to take their vacation here. No wonder—it's beautiful!

At Lüneburg, a lovely old town with tall-gabled houses, they took rooms at the Gasthof zum weissen Ross on the main square, called Am Sande, which was dominated by the Johanniskirche with its thin, pointed steeple. Mrs Smith was quite beside herself with excitement when an official in the Town Hall—a very ancient building of Gothic brickwork, with a stained-window wall rising above the roof—told her exactly, from the old registrar books, where her family had lived until a century ago. The house, however, had been pulled down long ago, but she walked admiringly up and down the pavement in front of the new one that had replaced it, and took a dozen pictures of it with her camera the next morning. The 'old world' had enchanted her.

They started very early for Hanover, a trip of 120 kilometres according to the road map. The journey was as interesting for the English travellers as it was for the lady from Harrisburg; while they were fascinated by the wild life on the Heath—there was a large game reserve in the national park in its centre—she was 'crazy about old things', as she kept explaining; and what excited her most of all was the encounter with a *Hünengrab*, a stone-age tomb: in contrast to the Scottish cairns, these tombs in Germany were so large that they were thought to contain the remains of giants (*Hünengrab* means giant's grave). Massive blocks of granite, deposited by glaciers which had brought them all the way down from Scandinavia during the Ice Age, must have been gathered by cavemen with considerable difficulty and labour, and shaped into tribal monuments for the dead.

So the 120 kilometres lengthened to nearly 200, but the road was good, and they did a steady forty or fifty miles between the points where they stopped. It was just a few minutes before 1 p.m. when Mrs Smith deposited them outside the Hotel Brauner Bär in Hanover, opposite the main station—the place of reunion with Mr Watkins.

'Thanks awfully, Mrs Smith', said Jim as they got out of the car. 'It's been a wonderful trip!'

'You're welcome, kids', she said. 'Good luck to you.'

'And next time you're in London, you must come and see the rest of the family', said Ginger.

They went into the hotel, and asked for Mr Watkins at the reception desk. No, a Mr Watkins had not arrived yet, said the porter.

'You're sure you didn't make any mistake about the hotel when you copied Dad's programme?' Jim asked Ginger sternly. 'Remember "25"!'

'I haven't, and don't keep harping on that little— Dad!' she cried, interrupting herself. For Mr Watkins was just striding through the swing doors.

'Jim! Ginger! I can't say how glad I am you're both here.'

'Well, why shouldn't we be?' said Jim with the air of a professional globetrotter.

'Tell me all about your journey', said their father.

'No—you tell us first about Berlin!' said Ginger.

Chapter 4

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PIED PIPER

MR WATKINS filled his pipe. 'I saw Berlin just after the war', he began. 'I'd never seen anything like it, and I hope I'll never see anything like it again. Nobody imagined that the town could ever be rebuilt on its former site, which was just an enormous mountain of rubble and débris. Nobody—except the Berliners. They are a remarkable race, different from the rest of the Germans. Life never stopped for a moment in Berlin. As soon as the last shells and bombs had done their work of destruction, they began to reconstruct their town; and to-day it is one of the most modern in the world, lively and enterprising. An "audacious race" Goethe once called the Berliners, and they themselves speak about the Berlin "Air", the atmosphere of a city which is always on the move, always looking forward; where yesterday counts for little and to-morrow is everything. Perhaps the strangest thing is that most Berliners were not born in Berlin—they hail from all parts of Germany, even from Austria, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Yet they have developed a number of common characteristics: they are enthusiastic, diligent, witty, generous, curious, optimistic, with a great sense of humour and just a touch of sentimentality. In short—I like them.'

'But doesn't the Iron Curtain run straight through Berlin?' Jim wanted to know.

'Certainly it does. But although politically Berlin is split, the Berliners on both sides have remained very much true to type. Many live in one of the "sectors", as the eastern and western parts are called, and work in the other.'

'But can you really go through that Iron Curtain—just like that?'

'Yes, and that makes Berlin a unique place in the world to-day.'

You walk from one side of the street to the other, or you take a ride in the underground train or tramway—and you've passed through the Iron Curtain probably without even noticing.'

'Can you see any difference in the streets?'

'You can—apart from differences in the wording of the posters and in the uniforms of the police. The east is shabbier, more drab, and less vivid than the west; but in all fairness it must be said that it has always been that way in Berlin: the poorer people live in the east while the west is similar to London's West End, with its luxury shops, its lights, its pulsating cultural and artistic life; especially the Kurfürstendamm, the main boulevard of the Western Sector. It's the traditional centre of fashionable Berlin.'

'What about the theatres?' Ginger wanted to know. 'Are they as good as in the rest of Germany?'

'Well, to be quite fair, the one I like best is the famous Berliner Ensemble in the East, Bert Brecht's own company. We've had them in London once or twice. In West Berlin they are no better than in the rest of Western Germany. You see, Berlin is in fact an island in the Eastern zone of Germany and has no immediate contact with the rest of the Federal Republic. It's no longer the country's cultural metropolis as in the old days. That was one of the reasons why Bonn was chosen as the new capital, not Berlin. But the Berliners don't doubt that their city will be the capital again one day.'

'It wasn't the German capital in the old days—I mean right back a few hundred years?' asked Jim.

'No, the story of Berlin as Germany's capital begins only in 1871', Mr Watkins replied. 'You know, of course, that the German *Reich* was founded as a result of the so-called Franco-Prussian war—a very inaccurate term, by the way, because all the German principalities took part in it, though under Prussian leadership. It was Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor", who brought all the wavering and narrow-minded kings and dukes and princes together and impressed on them the idea of a German *Kaiserreich*, with the King of Prussia as Emperor, but without Austria. In that State of Bismarck's conception, Prussia was in every respect the strongest partner—and therefore the Prussian capital, Berlin, became the capital of the German *Reich*.

'Now if you have a look at the map of the old Germany you will see that Berlin is by no means the centre of the country. That's not necessary, of course—London, for instance, is far from being the geographical centre of England; but Berlin was never—and that makes all the difference—a traditional centre of German culture. It is a young town, with little tradition, and cannot compare in this respect with Munich or Cologne or Hamburg—or even little Weimar, where Goethe and Schiller lived. In fact, when Germany became a republic in 1919, her statesmen met in Weimar, not in Berlin, to write the new constitution. German friends tell me that there has always been some more or less open resentment among the German towns against that upstart Berlin—and a lot of envy because it grew too fast, and became rich too fast, and attracted too much of Germany's business, art, and creative talent without having had to work for it like other towns—if you know what I mean. Berlin must have appeared to many Germans like a man who has suddenly come into money, more money than is good for him; and who starts collecting Rembrandts and valuable books, and invites famous people into his house, without understanding anything about cultural values.

'But as it happens frequently, when the rich man loses his money he may discover more about these values. After the first world war, when Germany was bankrupt with inflation, Berlin began to grow into a true cultural centre. Many fine plays and wonderful acting were to be seen in Berlin; the German film entered in its most brilliant artistic phase with the productions made in the studios around Berlin; literature, painting, music, scientific research—everything flourished in Berlin in the 1920's. Everything—except business. There was poverty and unemployment, and that was the soil in which the Nazi movement found its hold. The scum from all over Germany came to Berlin to join forces with Hitler, and pull the wool over the eyes of many a good German. Thus it was Berlin from which the Nazi forces operated. The capital of German culture became the capital of Nazi terror. And the second world war did not end until Berlin had been bombed and shelled and blasted into submission.'

'Did you eat any special dishes in Berlin?' asked Ginger.

Her father laughed, 'I knew you'd ask that, Gin. Well, how would you like *Kaltschale*, cold sweet soup made of fruit, on a hot day? Personally, I don't care for it very much. But I like the traditional Berlin drink, *Weisse mit Schuss*—very weak, light beer with a "shot" of raspberry juice, which is served in enormous highball glasses. Oh, yes, and *Aal grün mit Gurkensalat*, eel in a green sauce of herbs with cucumber salad. And *Kartoffelpuffer*, potato pancakes, which the Berliners often serve with stewed apples. But to tell you the truth, my favourite "dish" in Berlin is the oven-warm *Schrippe* for breakfast, a longish, crisp roll which is delicious. . . . And now, what about your telling me something of your adventures, for a change?"

Somehow Mr Watkins managed to piece together the story fragments which Jim and Ginger produced, constantly interrupting and contradicting each other as they went over the events of the last few days. He was glad that their mother wasn't there to listen to what would have sounded like a confused, hair-raising nightmare to her. Anyway—they were here, safe and sound, and that was all that mattered.

They split up early in the afternoon. A motor-car dealer who was staying at the hotel and heard the Watkins family speaking English, offered to take Jim to the Volkswagen factory at Wolfsburg in his car, get someone there to show him round, and bring him back in the evening. Jim went off with him, delighted; he had noticed these famous popular cars everywhere on the German roads and was eager to see how they were made.

'And what about you, Ginger?' asked Mr Watkins. 'What would you like to see?'

Ginger hesitated. 'You'll probably think I've changed since London, Dad, but——'

'Come on, what is it?'

Ginger pointed to a poster showing a beautiful medieval portrait bust. 'I'd like to go to the museum. It's a good one here, isn't it?'

'A famous one, as a matter of fact, the *Landesmuseum*. But I must say, this is a bit of a surprise, Gin! What's got into you all of a sudden?'

'I just think I want to see good pictures and sculptures and

so on', said Ginger. 'Perhaps I'll take up art and become a famous painter or something one day as I haven't got the looks for being an actress. . . .'

The Landesmuseum turned out to be a gallery offering a complete survey of the development of art from the Middle Ages to our time, and Ginger did not regret her 'whim' for a moment. A Rubens Madonna, painted in 1620, made a special impression on her, and so did a self-portrait of the famous German artist, Max Liebermann, who lived at the beginning of this century, and who—with Lovis Corinth and Max Slevogt—was the leader of the German Impressionist school of painting. The Hanover museum could boast of the most complete collection of these works in Germany, and its hall of sculptures had bronzes by the best-known German 'moderns', such as the woman sculptor, Renée Sintenis, and Ernst Barlach, whose massive figures created as much controversy in Germany in the 1920's as those of Epstein did in England.

'If you feel up to visiting yet another museum', said Mr Watkins when they emerged into the afternoon sun, 'I'd like to show you one which is really unique!'

'Wilhelm Busch-Museum' stood in bold letters at the gate of a little park with an eighteenth-century mansion. Ginger had never heard the name of Wilhelm Busch, but the innumerable drawings in the museum were in a strangely familiar style—simple, witty, and masterly. Of course she had seen them before in children's books even before she was able to read the verses that went with them.

Wilhelm Busch, who was born near Hanover in 1832, was, explained Mr Watkins, the most famous German caricaturist and humorist. He invented the comic-strip method of telling stories in pictures and verses; the characters from his humorous illustrated poems—*Max und Moritz*, for instance, the naughty boys of German literature, or *Die fromme Helene*, the girl with a knack of doing the wrong thing—are to-day as popular as they were eighty or ninety years ago when Busch wrote and drew them; one can still recognize German types of to-day in his clever caricatures. 'And there is much honest-to-goodness truth and wisdom in Wilhelm Busch's lines', said Mr Watkins. 'But he was not the

only famous writer who lived in this part of Germany, between the Elbe and the Weser. There was Wilhelm Raabe, Busch's contemporary, born near Brunswick, famous for his quietly humorous novels and historical tales; Lessing, the pioneer of the German theatre, who preached tolerance and humanity from the stage; and you might even let the two great practical jokers of this land join the illustrious company of the poets: Till Eulenspiegel, the philosophical rogue, and Baron Münchhausen, the greatest liar of all times.'

'Münchhausen? Did he really exist?'

'Yes, he did. He lived in Bodenwerder on the Weser, a spa not far from here, and seems to have entertained his friends with tall stories about the campaigns in which he served as an officer. Strangely enough, these stories were published first in England by an antiquarian from Hanover, Erich Raspe, at the end of the eighteenth century. So the Baron became famous in England before he was known in his own country.'

They were walking back to the hotel. 'Oh, look!' cried Ginger, 'what a lovely building! Is that a theatre?'

'It's the opera, one of the best in Germany.' The building was rather impressive, with its many columns and graciously-curved windows, its rows of stone figures representing the world's great composers, and its beautiful candelabra flanking the entrance. But Mr Watkins heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the notice *Opernferien—Geschlossen*, meaning that the opera was closed for the annual holidays: Ginger would have liked to go into every theatre she saw, but her love of the arts tended to ruin her father's budget.

Jim was late. He arrived back at the hotel just in time for dinner, full of information about German motor-car manufacture. 'Do you know that out of ten German cars four are Volkswagen?' he asked Ginger, who admitted that she couldn't care less. But Jim was not to be stopped so easily. 'They make eight hundred cars a day—it's terrific! Three assembly lines—mass production of a single model—— Ginger, I'm talking to you!'

After dinner they went for a walk. 'I had digs here in 1949, after leaving the Control Commission', Mr Watkins said. 'I can see what's happened to my landlady, Frau Schmidt.'

Yes, she was still living on the third floor, said the *Hausmeister*, the porter of the block of flats in Hanover's thickly-populated residential district. Frau Schmidt opened the door and gazed in surprise at the three unfamiliar figures. Then she recognized her former boarder.

'*Herr Watkins! Ist es denn die Möglichkeit. . . !*'

She was a jolly old soul, and simply flooded Mr Watkins with stories about people and events, so that he could hardly put a question to her. So much had happened since he had left Hanover! Jim and Ginger sat at the big table in Frau Schmidt's drawing-room, sipped the raspberry squash she had given them, and couldn't understand a word.

The front door was opened and shut. '*Ach, da kommt der Hans!*' said Frau Schmidt. A fair-haired, intelligent-looking boy of about 15 came in. Frau Schmidt introduced him as her nephew, Hans Roth, who lived in Kassel with his mother; his father had been killed in the last war. Hans shook hands with the Watkinses, making a polite little bow to each of them, even to Ginger, who couldn't help giggling. Jim nudged her, and Hans blushed. 'We're all glad to meet Hans', said Mr Watkins, looking sternly at Ginger. She would have to get used to the German forms of politeness.

Hans, it turned out, spoke a little English, which he was learning in his *Realschule*, a type of secondary school with the emphasis on practical knowledge and modern languages. He had spent a week of his holidays with his aunt, and was going back to Kassel to-morrow to help his mother in her little tobacconist's shop.

'We're going the same way, aren't we, Dad?' said Jim. 'How do you go, Hans, by train or by coach?'

'I'm cycling', said Hans. 'It's cheaper.'

'Dad——!' cried Ginger, 'why don't we cycle, too? I love it!'

'Well', said his father, 'first of all, we haven't got any bikes, and second, it's about a hundred miles to Kassel, and——'

'But it *would* save a lot of money, wouldn't it?'

Jim could tell by Mr Watkins's face that he had scored a hit.

'I have a friend whose father owns a bicycle shop here in Hanover', said Hans in his modest and polite way. 'Perhaps he would lend us three bicycles?'

For once, Ginger had the satisfaction of having her brainwave appreciated. Her father had managed to get three bikes on loan—Hans guaranteed that they would be returned by freight train from Kassel—and now they were cycling merrily along the winding road, up and down the wooded hills south of Hanover. It was Hans who insisted that the trip should be made in easy stages so that Ginger would not get tired; and several times he dismounted at the bottom of a steeper hill, and pushed his own and Ginger's bicycle to the top. Ginger did not know what to think of it. Besides, he kept giving her side glances while she was pedalling along; and more than once he smiled at her for no apparent reason. If Ginger hadn't *known* that she was terribly ugly, what with her red hair and her freckles and her turned-up nose, she might have got ideas.

Night was falling when the first flickering lights of a town appeared below the hill which the four cyclists were descending slowly (Jim and Ginger had by now got used to the back-pedalling brake, a common feature of all German bicycles). 'Hameln', said Mr Watkins. 'And don't let the Pied Piper catch you!'

'What do you mean, Dad?' asked Ginger. 'This town hasn't anything to do with the Hamelin of the Pied Piper story—or has it?'

'Of course it has. It's the very place. In another ten minutes or so I'll show you the Rattenfängerhaus, the House of the Pied Piper.'

Jim was sceptical. 'But it's just a fairy-tale, isn't it?'

'I haven't really gone into the matter', said Mr Watkins, 'but it's supposed to be more than just a fairy-tale.'

'I have read much about it', said Hans. 'Very interesting!'

'Well, tell us!'

And Hans told them, in his halting English, the true story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, which has been the subject of a great deal of research by historians. It is a fact that Hameln, which lies on the banks of the river Weser, has frequently suffered from a plague of rats, and in the Middle Ages the vermin must have been a formidable problem. But there is no evidence that some Pied Piper lured them out of their holes with his flute—and certainly not that he took the children of the town by the same means when

he did not get his fee. But it appears that there was a voluntary exodus of young couples in the Middle Ages. Bishop Bruno of Schaumburg persuaded them to emigrate to Moravia as settlers, and they marched off, headed by a piper in motley garb. These were the 'children' of Hameln who never returned!

'And the rats?' Ginger wanted to know.

Mr Watkins knew the answer. 'Curiously enough, the town council of Hameln made an application to the British Control Commission in 1949—I saw it on my desk at the time. They asked for British cats to deal with their plague of rats which had increased after the war—many of the Hameln cats had been eaten up by their masters in the hungry war years. We shipped a number of cats to Hameln, and I think the situation has been under control ever since. . . .'

They were too tired and hungry to go sightseeing after their arrival in Hameln, but in the morning they went into the streets of the old town with their timbered façades and gables and their quaint inscriptions. The Rattenfängerhaus in the Osterstrasse was a magnificent building in rich Renaissance style. It could not have had anything to do with the medieval saga for it was built only in 1602, but it derived its name from an inscription, dated the same year, referring to the 'exodus of 130 children born in Hameln'.

All Hameln seemed to consist of strange and wonderful houses, painted in vivid colours, with golden pinnacles, decorated bay-windows, and wooden doors carved by artists.

'I wonder in which of these hills the Pied Piper disappeared with the children of Hameln', said Ginger dreamily, defying all historical research, as they were pedalling south on the road to Kassel.

They followed the meandering course of the Weser down to the old Huguenot port of Karlshafen, where they spent another night, and then by-passed the eastern sweep of the river by taking the road through the romantic Reinhardswald. The English children had never seen anything like the enormous, twisted oak-trees in the virgin forest right and left of the road. 'They must have been young when Columbus discovered America', said Jim, who

understood a little about trees. The Reinhardswald was a large national park and game reserve. Every now and then the cyclists saw a few deer popping their heads out from behind the trees, or crossing the road unconcernedly, in the instinctive knowledge that here, at least, they had nothing to fear from man.

'Isn't it like a scene from a fairy-tale?' said Ginger. 'Any minute now we'll come upon a gingerbread house with an old witch in it. . . .'

'Do you know that the Grimm Brothers collected their folklore and fairy-tales here?' said her father. 'You are quite right about the witch in the gingerbread house. It's one of the folk tales from this part of Northern Hesse.'

'I read that Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm took most of their stories down from dictation—what the peasants remembered of the old tales, said Hans. 'The Grimm Brothers were then professors and librarians at Kassel and Göttingen. And the greatest number of their stories came from the wife of a tailor in a little village here in the Reinhardswald!'

Kassel turned out to be a highly industrialized town set in a vast ring of parks and gardens. Hans saw the Watkinses to their hotel and made them promise to visit his mother's shop as soon as they had looked over the town. Ginger, still determined to become an artist, went to the picture gallery to see its famous Rembrandts, especially the magnificent portrait of his wife, Saskia, while Jim persuaded his father to come with him to the equally famous Henschel works, one of the largest locomotive factories in the world. Then they all went to Wilhelmshöhe, the great eighteenth-century mountain park outside Kassel, with its enormous artificial waterfall cascading down for a thousand feet, beside garden-flanked steps and terraces. Small wonder that Jerome, Napoleon Bonaparte's pleasure-loving brother, chose beautiful Kassel as the capital of his short-lived Westphalian kingdom; and that sixty years later his nephew, Napoleon III, did not mind living as an exile at the Palace of Wilhelmshöhe after his defeat and capture in the 1870-71 war.

Frau Roth was just closing her shop when Mr Watkins, Jim, and Ginger arrived. It was a small shop, which did not sell anything but cigarettes, cigars, and tobacco—the usual English

combination of cigarettes with sweets or newspapers is very rare in Germany. However, as a side-line Frau Roth was acting as agent for coach excursions for tourists, and it was that part of her business in which Hans was able to help her a great deal. He was proud if he could fill a coach to the last seat. To-night, however, he was a little depressed; while he had been with his aunt in Hanover, bookings for the weekly two-day tour of the Harz had not come up to his expectations.

'Four seats left', he told the Watkinses. 'What a shame! It's definitely the best trip we have——' He stopped. An idea had struck him. 'Four seats. . . . Well, we *are* four!'

Ginger, as usual, caught on at once. 'Of course we are—— Dad!'

'I've heard, Gin. But much as I'd like to see the Harz, there *is* something like a budget for the Watkins family. So I'm afraid——'

Hans was quite different now from the modest and quiet boy they had met in Hanover. He was a budding business man, eager to bring demand and supply together. There was a hurried conversation between mother and son, of which the English visitors understood little. Then Hans rang the coach people. Five minutes later he emerged from the telephone booth, beaming. 'I've fixed it! You can come with us free—just a tip for the driver', he whispered to Mr Watkins confidentially. '*Mutter, du bist doch hoffentlich einverstanden?*' he asked Frau Roth.

'*Aber natürlich, mein Junge!*' she smiled. '*Hoffentlich bleibt das Wetter schön.*'

'Yes, if the weather holds it will be a beautiful trip,' said Hans. 'We meet to-morrow morning at the coach station.'

'Wait a minute', said Mr Watkins, 'not so fast! I don't think we can accept that very kind offer!'

The reply was an uproar. The three had already made up their minds for him. But Mr Watkins remained firm; in the end, however, Frau Roth suggested a compromise. The Watkinses were to pay a reduced price.

'I suppose I have to give in', said Mr Watkins.

The coach was luxurious, German-built but obviously made after an American design, with a glass roof and rubber-foam seats. Hans managed to sit with Ginger, and there was again that

curious look in his face when he asked: 'May I teach you some German on the way?'

'You can try', said Ginger, 'but I think I'm too stupid.'

Hans hesitated for a moment. Then he said, 'I don't know if you're stupid. But you certainly are pretty!'

Ginger blushed a deep rouge. 'That's not true', she whispered.

'Indeed', said Hans, 'I mean it.'

For at least half an hour, Ginger did not say a word. She had first to come to terms with the new world which Hans's simple statement had opened for her: a world in which she was no longer the ugliest girl in history as she had thought she was. Why, she might perhaps really become an actress one day if it was true that she had good looks; for the time being, the idea of going in for art was shelved at any rate. Life seemed full of exciting possibilities all of a sudden.

Göttingen, an ancient university town, was their first stop. One could see from the many young people in the streets that youth was the dominating element in Göttingen; but these students, observed Mr Watkins, were different from the pre-Hitler type of *Korpsstudenten*, with their scars from duel-fencing, their arrogance, and their aggressive nationalism. This type had disappeared with the Prussian ruling class which it had supplied with human material for about three generations; the new kind of students, most of them from middle-class and working-class families, were earnest, open-minded, and eager young people, tremendously interested in the sciences they had chosen as their respective careers, and proud of the great tradition of their university. Göttingen had played its part in politics and science. It was George II of England who had founded the university, for Göttingen belonged to the Electorate of Hanover, and Hanover had belonged to that King of England. But when Victoria became queen of England, Hanover got a king of its own again—unfortunately not a very good one: Ernst August, one of George III's thirteen children, notorious for his lack of education and self-control. He thought nothing of violating Hanover's constitution flagrantly. Seven professors of Göttingen University put themselves at the head of the popular movement against Ernst August in 1837—among them Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, the

fairy-tale brothers. The seven were dismissed from the University, and three of them expelled from Hanover. There was a famous scene at an inn near the frontier. A little peasant boy, shyly hiding behind his grandmother's skirt, was brought to Jakob Grimm and told by the old woman: 'Shake hands with the gentleman, he is a refugee!'

Like a mountainous island, the steep slopes and rugged summits of the Harz grow out of the North German plain. Deep valleys, dark forests, mysterious lakes, fast brooks combine to give the Harz Mountains a character all their own. 'No wonder that this is a country of curious customs and superstitions,' said Mr Watkins as they emerged from a vast forest between Braunlage and Bad Harzburg, the famous spa. 'Isn't that the Brocken—the mountain over there at the right?'

'Yes, that's it', said Hans. 'You are thinking of the *Walpurgisnacht*, the Witches' Sabbath!'

'We read the scene from Goethe's *Faust* at school', said Jim. 'I dreamt about it that night. Ugh——!'

'*Zum Brocken wandeln wir in der Walpurgisnacht*', quoted Hans. 'But the Brocken doesn't look at all like a haunt of witches in broad daylight, does it?'

The coach stopped all of a sudden. A herd of fat cows, each of them with an enormous bell fastened around its neck, was blocking the road, and the boy in charge of them, wearing the typical peasant's picturesque wide-brimmed hat and green jacket, seemed in no hurry to get them out of harm's way. He grinned and waved to the people in the coach when it started on its way again at last.

'I've never seen so many fir-trees', said Jim. 'They seem to make up most of your woods here! What do you call them, Hans?'

'*Tannen*. They are our Christmas trees as well, you know.' And he began to sing the German Christmas song, '*O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum*. . . .'

'Stop! This isn't a political meeting', said Jim. The rest of the travellers in the coach turned round and laughed.

'A political meeting? I don't understand', said Hans.

Mr Watkins explained. 'The tune of your Christmas song has been used for the traditional song of the British Labour Party,

The Red Flag!' he said. 'We pinched it, probably in exchange for the tune of *God Save the Queen*, which the Germans took over for their imperial anthem under the Kaiser.'

'And what about *Deutschland über Alles?*' asked Ginger.

'It's still our national anthem', said Hans. 'The words are by a famous poet, Hoffman von Fallersleben, and he wrote them long before Germany had a Kaiser. I'm not so sure where the tune came from. . . .'

'It's not a German tune at all', said Mr Watkins, 'but an Austrian one. It's the *trio* from Haydn's Emperor Quartet. Lovely when you hear it in the original arrangement—but not so nice when it's blared out by a military band.'

They spent the night at Goslar, a thousand-year-old town which had kept its enchanting medieval character from the time when the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire resided there. Their magnificent palace, the Kaiserpfalz, still dominated the town, and the old Rathaus, the Town Hall, was decorated with the stone portraits of the emperors. Hans showed Jim the famous Siemens-Haus, built in the seventeenth century, the original home of the Siemens family whose members helped the development of electrical engineering in Germany as well as in England.

On their return journey to Kassel they paid a visit to the vast subterranean stalactite cavern at the foot of the rugged peaks of the Iberg and the Wildemann, the most romantic part of the Harz Mountains: a vast limestone cave with icicle-like spikes hanging from the roof by their thousands.

In return for Hans's invitation to the Harz tour, the Watkins family asked him and his mother to have dinner with them at their hotel in Kassel. At Frau Roth's suggestion they all had a special dish of which the people of Kassel are proud, the rich and tasty *Weckwerk*: it consists of minced veal and pork mixed with shredded *Wecken*, the local term for rolls. Ginger asked the waiter at once for the recipe, but her father declared that he could not possibly manage such a dish more often than once every couple of years.

The loaned bicycles had been safely dispatched back to Hanover with Hans's assistance, and the English travellers thanked him for all he had done for them. It was time to say good-bye.

Hans and Ginger exchanged an especially cordial handshake and promised to write to each other. Jim and Mr Watkins said they would find out some easy way for Hans to come to England soon, perhaps as one of the voluntary harvest helpers who came from Germany every year for work on English farms.

Early on the following morning, the Watkins family took the train to Frankfurt.

Chapter 5

THE ROMANTIC ROAD

'BAD WILDUNGEN . . . *Bad* Nauheim . . . *Bad* Homburg', Ginger read from the little map of the Kassel-Frankfurt route which was conveniently displayed in every corridor of the train. 'Isn't there any good Wildungen and Nauheim and Homburg as well?'

'Don't be silly', said Jim. 'Your teacher Hans doesn't seem to have made a great success of your German lessons. "*Bad*" means that you can have a bath at those places.'

His father laughed. 'You're just as silly, Jim. *Bad* means not only "bath" but also "spa". The whole country of Hesse is full of mineral springs, most of them discovered by the Romans. Now people come from all over the world to take the waters. . . . Oh, I didn't know we were getting so close to Wetzlar!' he interrupted himself as the train pulled into the station at Giessen, the ancient university town. '*Lokalbahn nach Wetzlar*', said a notice with an arrow.

'What's so interesting about Wetzlar?' Jim wanted to know.

'Two things. First, it was there that young Goethe fell in love with Lotte, who made him terribly unhappy by marrying another man—which prompted him to write that great, sentimental love story which moved all Europe to tears, *Werthers Leiden*.'

'Weeping over a girl?' said Jim, nudging Ginger. 'Not on your life. Well, and what's point number two about Wetzlar?'

'It's the home of this little gadget here', said his father and pointed to the Leica hanging from the strap around his neck. 'They make it at the Leitz Works in Wetzlar.'

'Pity Goethe couldn't take a snap of his Lotte in the eighteenth century', said Ginger. 'It might have been some consolation.'

As they emerged from the *Hauptbahnhof* in Frankfurt the town did not strike them at all as the enchanted city of which Goethe

had said: 'If someone asked me if I could think of a place more befitting my birth, more suitable to my conception as a citizen, and more agreeable to my feelings as a poet, I could name no other town in preference to Frankfurt.'

The hustle and bustle of motor-cars, tramways, and people was very unlike a poet's idea of a German town. Tall, modern hotels and office buildings were witnesses of Frankfurt's more recent importance as the communication centre and business capital of the Rhine-Main area, and its position as the hub of Western Germany's road, rail, and air traffic: the Frankfurt of the *Messe*, the famous trade fair.

But Mr Watkins soon showed the children the other Frankfurt of which Goethe had said that it '*stickt voller Merkwürdigkeiten*'—that it was full of curiosities. They began their pilgrimage, of course, with the Goethehaus—the house where the great poet was born; it was completely destroyed during the last war, but rebuilt stone by stone so as to resemble the original house in every detail.

Just around the corner from the Goethehaus was the old town hall, the Römer, in fact three houses with three steep gables that looked like steps built into the sky. Here, many Emperors of the Holy Roman *Reich* had been crowned. Another short walk brought the tourists to the Church of St Paul, which played such an important part in Germany's history.

It was here that after the Revolution of 1848, when the people rebelled against Germany's innumerable little rulers and their reactionary systems, progressive and influential men from all the thirty-four states assembled to form the first democratic parliament of the country: politicians, writers, scientists, ministers of religion, judges, journalists, merchants, reformers. Jakob Grimm, *Turnvater* Jahn (the apostle of physical training), the poets Ludwig Uhland and Ernst Moritz Arndt were among the 330 deputies who opened the National Assembly by solemnly walking, hat in hand, from the Römer to the Paulskirche. 'In this atmosphere', wrote Uhland, 'even a crowned head would have been certain to receive a drop of democratic oil with the royal ointment!'

Alas, the attempt to put Germany on a democratic basis failed dismally. For a whole year, the National Assembly met and tried

to work out a new way of life for the country; but, as Goethe had said, enthusiasm is not like herrings which can be pickled to keep for many years. While the people's democratic zest waned, the overthrown rulers and their hangers-on climbed back to power, and the evil spirit of absolute monarchy again began to dominate Germany's political life.

'Perhaps there would have been no more wars in Europe if the men of 1848 had succeeded in this church', said Mr Watkins reflectively as they left St Paul's. 'No Bismarck, no Kaiser, no Hitler. . . . But the German people were not ripe for democracy yet.'

They had their tea, or rather delicious cream-topped *Eiskaffee*, under palms and other exotic plants in the botanic garden, aptly called *Palmengarten*, at the outskirts of Frankfurt. Then they made a tramway and bus tour of a number of places which interested them: the impressive modern office block which had been built between the wars to house the headquarters of the gigantic chemical concern, the *I.G. Farbenindustrie*; the idyllic old castle of Höchst, with its moss-green roofs and its tall tower; the famous Beethoven Monument by the sculptor Georg Kolbe; the large Festival Hall on the *Messe* site; and the Main harbour in Frankfurt's industrial East End.

The round trip came to a stop at Sachsenhausen, the southern part of the town, in a small inn garden. The fat owner, his apron stretched tightly around his stomach, grinned broadly as Mr Watkins ordered:

'Aepfelwoi un Schwartemage—dreimal!'

'Good heavens, what language is *that*?' asked Jim when the innkeeper had waddled off.

'Frankfurt dialect', said his father proudly. 'You see, he understood me all right!' Indeed, the fat man returned with three glasses containing some yellow fluid, and a large, round object that looked like a haggis. 'You must try these specialities when you're in Frankfurt', said Mr Watkins. 'They're world-famous.'

'What about Frankfurter sausages?' Ginger asked.

'They're called *Wiener Würstl* in Frankfurt. I think it was the Viennese who started calling them *Frankfurter*!'

The yellow fluid turned out to be a kind of cider, but Jim and Ginger thought it wasn't sweet enough. However, they enjoyed the *Schwartenmagen*—deliciously seasoned brawn—very much.

Mr Watkins went into the house to make a telephone call. 'Let's go', he said when he returned. 'Back to the hotel, change, and go out again.'

'Where to?'

'A very special treat. I managed to get tickets for the Neue Theater to-night. We're going to see one of the most famous modern German plays—the *Dreigroschenoper*.'

Ginger scanned the programme. 'Captain Macheath. . . Mr Peachum. . . Mrs Peachum . . . Polly. . . But this is *The Beggar's Opera*!' she cried.

'It is, and it isn't', said her father. 'I couldn't take you to see it when it ran in an English version called *The Threepenny Opera* in London a few years ago—you were too small. Bert Brecht, who wrote it thirty-five years ago, used some of John Gay's plot and most of his characters. The composer, Kurt Weill, wrote his own tunes, while John Gay had used popular English songs of his time. Brecht also put into his *Dreigroschenoper* many ballads by the fifteenth-century French poet François Villon.'

'What a hotchpotch', said Jim. Yet from the moment the curtain rose on a beggar cranking a barrel-organ and reciting the black deeds of Captain Macheath, called Mackie Messer, the spell of the play was irresistible. The strangely incongruous elements of story, lyrics and music formed an artistic entity, and Jim and Ginger could well understand why the *Dreigroschenoper* had been the most consistently successful play in German-speaking countries during the thirty years of its existence—except where and when it had been banned under the Nazi régime.

It was the story of the noble robber set in a fantastic kind of Soho, London, in some undefined historical period; but it was also the story of the underdog, of the poor people yearning for their share of happiness in life. In the end Macheath, the eternal rascal, is reprieved at the foot of the gallows by the Queen, who sends her mounted messenger; but the audience is warned: 'Mind you, this is only a play; in real life the Queen's mounted messengers

appear very rarely. . . .’ And the curtain falls on the poet’s plea: ‘Do not treat the poor too harshly. Think of the misery and the bitter cold. . . .’

*Denn man sieht nur die im Lichte,
die im Dunkeln sieht man nicht—*

for you can see only those in the light, you cannot see those in the dark’.

The next day was spent roaming by bus, local trains, and on foot, in Frankfurt’s surrounding country. They saw Wiesbaden, the elegant capital of Hesse, to the west, and went as far as Gelnhausen to the east: here, the Emperor Barbarossa had built a mighty castle in the twelfth century, but it was left in ruins after the Thirty Years’ War. Gelnhausen, with its old-world timbered houses, its crooked lanes and tall steeples, is mentioned more than once in German fairy-tales, but it was also the birthplace of two famous men—Grimmelshausen, the author of the classic *Simplicius Simplicissimus*, the story of the Thirty Years’ War as experienced by an eye-witness; and Philipp Reis, the poor school-teacher who invented the telephone many years before Alexander Graham Bell, but was ridiculed by laymen and technicians alike.

On their way back they stopped at Offenbach, Germany’s leather town; Ginger had the idea—eagerly taken up by Jim—of buying their mother a nice purse, as her old one was a slight on the whole Watkins family. Their father thought it could have been bought just as well at Selfridge’s, but in the end he gave in and the little parcel was posted.

After one more night in Frankfurt they boarded another train; it was not one of the posh, international *D-Züge*, but what the man at the information desk in the station called a *gemütlicher Bummelzug*, a cosy crawler creeping along the Main and through the Spessart to Nuremberg. ‘We must see Franconia properly’, said Mr Watkins, ‘and there’s nothing like a *Bummelzug* to get to know the country. We’ll stay a few hours or overnight in the main places we want to see.’

The wooden seats were hard in the third-class compartment,

but the travellers didn't mind. There was so much to see from the window, and so much diversion from the changing company of fellow-travellers, most of whom went only short distances: women with enormous baskets, country lads, office girls, old peasants smoking some weird-smelling weed in big, curved pipes. Many of them started conversations with the English visitors, curious to know where they came from, and anxious to point out interesting spots in passing or to hear from them what things were like in England. Mr Watkins, of course, had to bear the brunt of the conversation, except once or twice when someone happened to speak a little English to Ginger and Jim.

The train followed the pleasant green banks of the Main closely, passing Hanau, birthplace of the brothers Grimm, and soon afterwards the Bavarian frontier—yes, there was still a modest white-and-blue border pole with the word *Bayern* on a tablet. This was the north-western tip of the Bavarian *Land*, neatly outlined by a wide sweep of the river. Within the 'box' formed by that sweep lay the famous Spessart, a mountainous landscape with vast forests—one would have called it gloomy if it had not been dotted with charming little villages looking like window exhibits in a toy-shop.

Aschaffenburg was the Watkinses' first stop, a leisurely old-world town with a large renaissance castle, whose giant sandstone towers and delicately chiselled façades were reflected in the calmly flowing river. On the cobblestone square between the castle and the old church—where Ginger admired one of the masterpieces by the medieval painter Matthias Gruenewald, *Beweinung Christi*—the river fishermen sold their catch straight from the buckets. The narrow streets echoed the humming and rattling of innumerable sewing-machines: there were about two hundred and fifty clothes factories in and around Aschaffenburg, supplying about one man in seven all over Western Germany with ready-made suits.

On their way back to the railway station the tourists discovered an unusual-looking building high above the Main. It was the Pompejanum, the reproduction of the house of Castor and Pollux excavated at Pompeii, complete with the everyday things the Romans used.

It was twilight when the next *Bummelzug* took them across the Spessart. An elderly gentleman with a bushy white moustache sat opposite Ginger. He smiled when the girl cried, 'Oh, look, just like the story book!' pointing to an old inn standing in the midst of a clearing, the friendly, yellowish light from its windows cutting into the dark shadows of the trees.

'This could be the original *Wirtshaus im Spessart*, don't you think?' asked the gentleman with the moustache. Ginger admitted that she knew nothing about it. He explained: The *Wirtshaus im Spessart* was a series of stories—what the film people nowadays call a portmanteau story—by the great novelist of the romantic period of the early nineteenth century, Wilhelm Hauff. Set in an inn somewhere in the depths of the Spessart, the tales are dramatic or creepy adventures woven around smugglers and ghosts, highwaymen and beautiful maidens. . . .

But Ginger was already asleep.

It was late at night when the three travellers, wearily carrying their suitcases, marched through Würzburg on the way to the little hotel which the tourist office had recommended to them. They passed the wall of what appeared to be a large park. Suddenly they stopped. On the wings of the mild night air the strains of string music floated through the park: Mozart . . . *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*. . . . There was a touch of magic in this music floating out of the darkness, and the three stood there, silently listening, for quite a while.

'Ah, that was the last evening of our Mozart Festival: said the hotel porter when they asked him about it. 'You happened to pass the park of the Residence. Wait until you see it to-morrow by daylight—ah, it's wonderful!' He was a most enthusiastic citizen of Würzburg. 'What a town! What a town!' he kept saying. 'Where Matthias Gruenewald was born; where Walther von der Vogelweide, the great *minnesinger*, sang his verses of love and life; where Professor Roentgen discovered his X-rays. . . . You must see Tilman Riemenschneider's wonderful sculptures of Adam and Eve, the last great manifestations of medieval plastic art; and the world's largest ceiling fresco, six thousand five hundred square feet, painted by Tiepolo two hundred years ago above

Europe's noblest stairway, marble steps with radiant alabaster statues. . . . What a town!

'You seem to have a flair for art yourself', said Mr Watkins, smiling at the porter's effusion.

He seemed to blush a little under his peaked cap. 'I do a little painting myself', he said softly—'on Sundays. May I show you your rooms?'

In broad daylight, Würzburg emphasized the impression the visitors had gained on their night walk. It was an enchanted town, although one could still see some of the devastation caused by a single air-raid only three weeks before the end of the second world war, when eighty-eight per cent. of all the buildings of the town were destroyed in a few hours. But the town was rebuilt at amazing speed, and once more cast her centuries'-old magic spell. Lying deep in its garden valley, surrounded by vineyards on steep hill slopes, its very stones seemed to blossom into Baroque ornaments and sculptured figures. The Tiepolo, which had been badly damaged by fire and water on the night of the raid, had been restored by modern artists to its full glory, with its elephants and pyramids, crocodiles and Red Indians, blackamoors and pelicans surrounding Mount Olympus, and Würzburg itself in all its bejewelled splendour as the centrepiece.

What impressed Jim most of all in Würzburg, however, was the massively buttressed bridge, which for five hundred years had spanned the Main, carrying on its balustrades a grand procession of saints' statues. There is perhaps no bridge in the world to compete with this one in sheer solidity and power, tempered with beauty.

Mr Watkins did not as a rule allow the children alcoholic drinks, but in Würzburg he simply had to make an exception. He ordered half a bottle of *Bocksbeutel* with their lunch, the wine in which Franconia excels—some connoisseurs consider it Germany's best wine. But it is hardly known abroad for it is one of those white wines which 'do not travel': they must not be shaken, or they will lose their 'bouquet'. The *Bocksbeutel* derives its name from the shape of its bottle—it looks like a pouch, low and wide but rather flat. No other German wine is sold in these bottles.

Mr Watkins's guilty conscience was somewhat alleviated when he saw that the wine—a small glass for Jim and half a glass for Ginger—had no ill effects whatsoever, but stimulated the children into an even keener appreciation of the beauties of Würzburg. Somehow, *Bocksbeutel* and Baroque seemed to belong together. The romantic porter emphasized his agreement with Mr Watkins's action by quoting the German wine-drinker's favourite verses:

*'Wein ist eingefang'ner Sonnenschein—
der kann gewiss nicht schädlich sein!'*

—'Wine is bottled sunshine: that can surely do no harm'.

The train chug-chugged on to Schweinfurt; in passing, Mr Watkins showed the children the famous ball-bearing factory of that town. It was here that ball-bearings, which played an important part in making the bicycle popular and are needed for innumerable industrial purposes, were first made on a mass-production scale in the 1870's.

'Look!' cried Jim suddenly, gazing at a strange object which had come into view on the other side of the railway line. It was a glider. Gracefully it manoeuvred at a height of about a thousand feet over the river Main, and disappeared beyond the hills in the north of the town.

'It must have come from the Rhön', explained his father. 'That's a hilly region with fairly reliable winds where the German gliding enthusiasts find ideal conditions. Many a world record has been set up here. A wonderful sport!'

Bamberg was the next stop. Its beauty and poetry captured the travellers' affection from the moment they set foot in that town. You did not have to understand anything about art or architecture to become enchanted by these superb buildings and monuments—whether the guide-book called them romanesque or gothic, renaissance or baroque or rococo: this was, indeed, the highest level ever attained by German artists and builders in past centuries. Here, at the Old Court, German emperors had received the ambassadors of far-off lands, and the stone image of Bamberg's patron-saint, the Empress Kunigunde, smiled benevolently on the visitors from her pedestal on the bridge. In the midst of the

river Regnitz stood the old Town Hall, as though the citizens of the town had wanted to protect their administrative centre against any possible attack; a bridge right and left was the only approach.

Towering high above the gables and turrets was the great Emperor's Cathedral with its four spires, completed in the thirteenth century—when the romanesque style began to be superseded by the gothic. Here, the Watkinses found the most precious works of Germany's medieval sculptors, such as Tilman Riemenschneider's Tomb of Emperor Henry II and, most famous of stone statues, the *Bamberger Reiter*, an unknown artist's sculpture of a young horseman of perfect poise and noble features: a sublime homage to all the best characteristics of medieval knighthood.

On their way to Nuremberg—or Nürnberg, as the Germans spell it—the travellers passed through the industrial town of Fürth, famous for its glass, its furniture, and its radios. 'The railway line on which we are now travelling', Mr Watkins told them, 'was the first to be built in Germany. Its opening, in 1835, was just as sensational an event as that of the Liverpool-Manchester railway a few years earlier. As a matter of fact, the line between Nuremberg and Fürth was opened with one of Stephenson's engines, driven by a mechanic trained by Stephenson—for there was no one on the Continent who could handle those fire-eating monsters!'

Stepping out of the railway station at Nuremberg the visitors found themselves in front of a massive tower guarding the entry into the city. There were four of these towers, spaced along the strong walls of Nuremberg's medieval fortifications, encircling the old part of the town in a three-mile ring. Overlooking the fortifications was the ancient imperial castle.

After passing the tower, the visitors were surprised to find themselves in a modern shopping centre. On their way to the Gasthaus Drei Linden, where Mr Watkins had booked rooms by postcard, he took Jim and Ginger to the *Hauptpostamt* on a somewhat mysterious mission. 'You'll know in a few minutes', he told them and queued up at the counter for poste restante letters.

'*Haben Sie etwas für Watkins?*' he asked the assistant.

There was a letter for him, post-marked Munich. He opened it and read it. His face lit up. 'That's wonderful news', he said.

'What is?' asked Ginger. 'What's all this mystery?'

'Well, I didn't tell you before because I would have hated to disappoint you if my plan hadn't come off. Before we left London I wrote to old friends of mine, the Lechner family in Munich. Herr Lechner is an actor, and I met him after the war in Düsseldorf. We made friends, and he said one day that when he had a good job he would like me to bring you to see his own youngsters, and we should all stay with them, because he loved to have a house full of people. Well, the last thing I'd heard from him was that he *had* a good job in Munich.'

'And so you reminded him of his invitation?' said Jim.

'Yes, I was cheeky enough to remind him. But I pointed out that I wanted the written consent of Frau Lechner—for she would have to bear the brunt of an addition of three mouths to the family, and I made it a condition that we contributed to the budget. Now here's her reply: "*Komm: nur alle, wir freuen uns!*"'

'Smashing!' said Jim. 'But how did she know you were here?'

'Stupid', said Ginger. 'Because Dad asked her to reply *poste restante* to Nuremberg. How long shall we be staying in Munich with the Lechners?'

'She doesn't say—but I suppose a week or so. However, she says not to come before next Saturday as she's got the decorators in the house. So we'll have to find something else to do for a couple of days. We'll think it over. Now let's look for the Drei Linden.'

So far, the Watkins family had been lucky about getting rooms on their journey across Germany. Sometimes—especially if they wanted to stay in larger towns—Mr Watkins had written beforehand to one of the smaller hotels, or *Gasthäuser*, from a list he had been given by the German Tourist Information Bureau in London, and sometimes they had chanced it. But it had always turned out all right: Germany was a country where tourism was an old-established industry, and where everybody went out of their way to make the visitor feel comfortable. Now, however, their luck seemed to have come to an end. The porter at the Drei Linden, hearing the name of Watkins, nearly burst into tears.

'Sir—I am distressed—I am heart-broken! Your postcard came

only yesterday. We are completely booked up—we have a party of French teachers—they're staying till the day after to-morrow. I don't know what to do! I rang a number of other hotels. Everything booked up!

The proprietor came along and joined in with the porter's lament. 'You are three, that's the difficulty. If you were one I would fix you up in my own room in the attic and sleep on the billiards table. . . .'

'Wait a minute,' said Mr Watkins. 'If you could put me up—these two youngsters might be able to find a bed in a youth hostel. Surely there is one in Nuremberg?'

'The most modern in Germany! And one of the biggest! I'll ring the Stadtjugendhaus at once! A brilliant idea!' exclaimed the porter, and went to the telephone.

Five minutes later they were all fixed up: Mr Watkins got his attic room, just big enough to swing half a cat; the Gasthaus owner put a notice '*Reserviert*' on the billiards table, and the *Piccolo*—the junior waiter—of the Drei Linden took Jim and Ginger to the Stadtjugendhaus near the imperial castle.

It was one of the strangest houses the English travellers had ever seen. Opened in summer, 1952, it was built in a half-modern, half-medieval style, for the architect had used as its foundations the ruins of the imperial stables, erected in 1494, and destroyed by bombs in the second world war. Up to the second floor, it was an ordinary brick building; but above it was an enormous roof structure with six storeys of attic windows!

A crowd of boys and girls welcomed them in excited German and broken English—they were the first visitors from the other side of the Channel in that year, and they were shown round the Stadtjugendhaus from top to bottom before they were even allowed to sit down. The German youngsters' pride in their hostel was understandable, for many boys and girls had helped to clear away the debris on the site before the building work began.

Jim and Ginger were shown their berths—in the boys' and girls' dormitories respectively—and taken to the basement dining-room in one of the vaults. Then the lunch gong resounded through the house. They were seated at a wooden table for six; everything was beautifully clean and well-served. A visiting youth leader from

Rothenburg, Herr Staudinger, sat at their table; he spoke English, for he had been in England under the students' harvest scheme for two consecutive years. He asked them what they were doing in Germany and what their plans were.

'We are going to Munich to stay with some friends of Dad's, but we've got two days to spare. What do you think we should do?'

'*Fahrt doch nach Bayreuth*', one of the boys at their table chipped in.

'*Zu den Richard Wagner-Festspielen?*' said a 16-year-old girl next to Herr Staudinger, heaping a load of *Sauerkraut* on top of one of the delicious *Nürnberger Bratwürstl*, the town's speciality—little roast sausages. '*Wagner ist doch schrecklich!*' And she pretended to shudder, emphasizing how dreadful she thought Wagner was.

'I saw the *Mastersingers* at Covent Garden', said Jim. 'I loved it though I couldn't understand what it was all about.'

'I think Wagner is pompous and boring', declared Ginger. 'I don't care for Bayreuth.'

'Wagner is our greatest composer!' said the boy who wanted the tourists to go to Bayreuth, putting down his knife and fork with a challenging look at Ginger. 'You English don't understand him!'

'Don't be silly', said Jim, 'Wagner is very popular in England.'

'*Kinder, Kinder,*' intervened Herr Staudinger. '*Zankt euch doch nicht!* You won't fight over Wagner, I hope!' He took a motoring map from his pocket and put it before Jim. 'There is another argument which you shouldn't ignore. Bayreuth would take you away from Munich instead of towards that town. But I've got another idea. What about a coach trip along the *Romantische Strasse*?'

Jim peered at the map. 'The Romantic Road? Where's that?'

'That's what we call the 200-mile road from Würzburg to the Alps, across some of the most enchanting country in Southern Germany and through the most fascinating old towns.'

'We've seen so many old towns', Jim muttered.

'I love them,' said Ginger. 'But we've already seen Würzburg.'

'You can join the Romantic Road at Rothenburg, follow it to

Augsburg, and take the train from there to Munich. As a matter of fact I'll be returning to Rothenburg in my Opel to-morrow. There are three of you, aren't there? Well, it's a four-seater. Would you like to come?

A motor trip was something Jim could never resist. 'Thanks—I'm for it', he said. 'Unless, of course, Dad has ideas of his own.'

'Don't worry', said Ginger 'We'll talk him out of them.'

There was no need to. Mr Watkins, who turned up after lunch to see how his offspring were getting on, accepted Herr Staudinger's offer very enthusiastically. 'I've heard so much of Rothenburg and the other towns along the Romantic Road that I was already developing a guilty conscience at the thought of not seeing them. It would have meant cutting out Nuremberg—and that would have been even worse! However, this a wonderful chance. *Vielen Dank*, Herr Staudinger!'

They went sightseeing through Nuremberg in the afternoon. The town, though badly damaged in the second world war, was still most impressive, with its moats and fortifications and its many charming fountains, especially the Schöne Brunnen, a slender filigree structure opposite the quiet, Gothic Liebfrauenkirche.

Mr Watkins kept his camera busy. From the Tugendbrunnen, another beautiful fountain which sent its waters into a basin adorned with flaming red flowers, he took the panoramic view extending right to the Imperial Castle, whose silhouette loomed over the city walls. 'You know', he said, 'these Nurembergers got so rich by trading in the Middle Ages that they owned more land than any other German city. They were even able to buy that castle from the Hohenzollern, the family of princes which later ruled all Germany as emperors.'

A large toyshop attracted Ginger's attention. *Nürnberger Spielwaren* said a placard in the window. Even Jim, who would have scorned the idea that he was still interested in toys, stopped to watch a model electric train race over automatically-controlled points and level crossings.

A little old lady who had been looking at the dolls, presumably considering which she could afford as a present for some grandchild, heard them speak English. 'Wonderful, our Nuremberg

toys, are they not?" she smiled. "But don't forget to taste our *Lebkuchen* too."

"Thanks for reminding us", said Mr Watkins. "Of course we mustn't leave without a packet of *Lebkuchen*."

"And perhaps you will find a *Nürnberger Trichter* for the young gentleman?" She laughed, winking at Jim.

"What *did* she mean, Dad?" asked Jim when the old lady had disappeared around the corner. "*Trichter* means funnel, doesn't it?"

Mr Watkins laughed too. "Yes, it does. But the Nuremberg funnel is of a special kind. You put it on the head of a dunce, pour in it a few pints of knowledge, and the block-head becomes a master-mind without having to learn a thing!"

Ginger giggled. "That old lady had a nice sense of humour", she said. "Are they all like that in Nuremberg?"

"The Nurembergers have always been famous for their wit—and for their malicious humour at other people's cost: that accounts for their invention of the famous *Trichter* as well as for their equally famous poet, Hans Sachs."

"Hans Sachs? The one who appears as a character in the *Mastersingers*?" asked Jim. "Did he really live?"

"Oh yes. He lived in the sixteenth century, at the time of the Reformation, which he celebrated in his *Meisterlieder*. His witty, satirical verse plays are still performed in and around Nuremberg. And he really was a shoemaker by trade."

Ginger spent much time admiring the lovely group of figures known as 'Salute of the Angels', carved by the medieval sculptor, Veit Stoss, in the venerable Gothic St Lawrence's Church. Another Nuremberg master, Adam Kraft, had adorned the church with a splendid Shrine of the Holy Sacrament.

"And what about the *Lebkuchen*?" asked Jim as they emerged from the dusky church.

They did not have to look far for a shop selling these world-famous specialities. Mr Watkins bought a box, which was opened at once. Jim and Ginger cried 'Ah!' in unison after the first bite. Never in their lives had they tasted such delicious honey-cake, or was it gingerbread? Mr Watkins had to buy a packet for their mother, which was posted on the spot.

On their way back to the hostel they paid a visit to the Albrecht-Dürer-Haus, the home of Nuremberg's greatest son; the artist's comfortable house contained many of his works, including his famous self-portrait of A.D. 1500.

After dinner—the main dish was another Nuremberg speciality, ox-mouth salad, *Ochsenmaulsalat*—the English tourists joined the German boys and girls in their games, and tried to learn the words and music of the German folk-songs which a group of young people sang in the great hall of the hostel later in the evening.

'Can't you stay with us a little longer?' they were asked over and over again, but Herr Staudinger suggested that they should visit one of the many other German youth hostels at some later stage of their journey, and stay there at least for a week-end: 'What about the hostel at Lake Constance, or the international one near the Loreley, on the Rhine?'

'That's a splendid idea', said Jim. 'We'll tell Dad.'

The little Opel proved to be extremely roadworthy; it took even the deviation, across country roads, to Wolframs-Eschenbach in its stride without shaking the occupants too much. Herr Staudinger insisted on showing the tourists this miniature town, completely preserved in its medieval state since the days of the robber-knights—with battlements and gates, towers and dungeons. Wolfram von Eschenbach, Germany's greatest poet and *minnesinger*, whose *Parzival* served Wagner as the story for his opera, was born here, and this is where he is buried; the legend of the quest for the Holy Grail, as written down by Wolfram 750 years ago, now belongs to the world's cultural heritage.

Ansbach was the next stop. Here, there was an eighteenth-century atmosphere and the travellers would not have been surprised to see a pretty shepherdess, pursued by a white-wigged nobleman in silk breeches, emerge from the bushes of the Hofgarten. But Herr Staudinger knew of another interesting aspect of Ansbach; he stopped outside the cemetery of the Holy Cross and showed his English friends a tomb with a Latin inscription: 'Here lies Kaspar Hauser, a riddle of his times, of unknown origin, who died mysteriously in 1833'. The Kaspar Hauser story, he explained, is still one of the most puzzling historical problems. Hauser was a foundling who appeared in Nuremberg in 1828 and

was stabbed to death in Ansbach, and who was said to have been the Crown Prince of Baden—a mystery in many respects similar to that of the Man in the Iron Mask.

After another hour's drive, the Opel nosed its way into the perfect fairy-tale town, Rothenburg ob der Tauber. Perched on a rock high above the little river Tauber, the town appeared to the travellers almost improbably picturesque—as though some film director had had it put up as a set for an historical production. But this picture from the past, with its walls and colonnades, its steep gables and flower-studded alcoves, its pious stone saints and prosperous merchants' houses, was no lath-and-canvas façade; its people lived in complete harmony with their idyllic surroundings, and each of them seemed steeped in the atmosphere of Rothenburg. They were no mere film extras hired for the day. . . .

Twice in the course of its history Rothenburg had been saved by its citizens from complete destruction. During the Thirty Years' War, the Emperor's general, Tilly, besieged and conquered the town. As usual, Tilly ordered it to be sacked, and sentenced the town elders to death. But the clever daughter of the Town Hall cellarer brought the general a drink of wine in an enormous goblet. Tilly liked the wine, and his wrath against the Protestant town subsided. He promised to save Rothenburg and the elders' lives if one of them could empty the goblet—which held three-quarters of a gallon—at one draught. The old burgo-master, Nusch, accepted the challenge, and drank the wine from the goblet. Tilly laughed, and kept his promise. Old Nusch, the story goes, was none the worse for his experience. Since that day, the historical play, *Der Meistertrunk*, is performed every Whit-Sunday on the Market Square. Here there is a big mechanical clock with windows opening to reveal the Imperial general laughing and nodding, and Burgomaster Nusch emptying the goblet, at 10 a.m., 11 a.m., and 1 p.m.

Rothenburg's other moment of mortal danger came in April, 1945, when American troops were advancing rapidly in the wake of the retreating German army. A 'blanket' barrage of bombs right through the centre of the town was imminent. Just then, a high-ranking official of the U.S. War Department happened to tour the front line: John J. McCloy, later the American High

Commissioner for Germany. Fully aware of the unequalled beauty and historic significance of Rothenburg he got in touch with the commanding general and asked him to avoid a bombardment of the town if possible. The white flag of surrender was hoisted on top of the Town Hall, and the general decided to march around the town. There is now a plaque commemorating Rothenburg's second salvation on one of the city gates, put up in gratitude to Mr McCloy.

In the evening after Herr Staudinger had gone home, the travellers dined at a table outside the restaurant on the Market Square, and watched the silver-grey dusk turn into an enchanted night, with the pointed roofs of the old houses silhouetted against the moon. Now and then, footsteps resounded from the colonnades; music floated into the square from a side-street; from inside the restaurant came the merry clatter of plates and the peaceful voices of people enjoying a leisurely chat after the day's work. It was a night of perfect bliss, and none of the three forgot it for a long time to come.

'Let's climb up to the battlements—there's a parapet, and we can walk from one tower to the next', said Jim.

'But our bus leaves at ten to eleven, and it's already half-past ten,' said Ginger. 'Dad will be furious if we miss it.'

'Don't be silly. It's only five minutes' walk along the parapet from this tower here to the next, and another five minutes from there to the coach stop on the Market Square. Come on, Gin!'

They climbed up the steep, narrow stairs and looked out of the loop-holes into the Tauber Valley far below. 'Just think, Gin, on this spot they must have been standing with their bows and arrows and harquebuses defending the town from the attacking knights—'

'Now do come along, Jim, we haven't got so much time.'

They walked on. The next tower, with a gate and a street leading to the centre of the town, came into view; but there were no stairs leading down. 'I suppose we'll have to walk to the next tower', said Jim, already a trifle nervous. They walked on, past a few tourists and boy scouts taking pictures from vantage-points. The next tower: but no stairs.

'Jim! Hadn't we better turn back?'

'Certainly not. We would lose too much time. There *must* be a staircase down to the street at the next tower—we're nearly halfway round the town. Come on, quick!'

Dragging rather than leading Ginger by the hand, Jim raced on. A clock struck the three-quarters of the hour. Jim was anxious to ask how far off the next flight of stairs was, but the only person they met on this part of the parapet was a Chinese girl, or was it a Japanese one? They raced on. There was the tower. And there, thank heavens!, was the staircase.

But when they arrived in the street they got another shock. They were a long way from the Market Square; in fact, as Jim found out from a hurried consultation of a little map of the town he had in his pocket, they were at the most distant point of the battlements from the town centre. There was nothing to do but to run along, and pray for a miracle to happen. . . .

The first stroke of the clock, sounding the eleventh hour, was just ringing out as they turned into the Market Square, breathless and sweating. The miracle had happened. There was the bus; and the passengers—Mr Watkins among them—were standing beside it. He looked at the two miserable figures running up to him. 'You can tell me your story later in the bus', he said, none too friendly, 'and I'll tell you what I think of you. But now look up there!'

The clock had just finished striking, and right and left of it two little windows opened; in one of them, General Tilly appeared, smiling and nodding, and in the other the old Burgomaster, lifting and emptying an enormous goblet.

'*Einstiegen bitte*', said the bus conductor, comparing his watch with the clock. '*Wir sind schon zehn Minuten zu spät dran!*' It turned out that he had kept his bus waiting for ten minutes so that the passengers could watch the clock.

Jim and Ginger climbed on the bus, ready to listen to Mr Watkins's well-deserved lecture, but happy that nothing worse had happened. The old burgomaster who had saved Rothenburg had saved them as well.

Gentle hills, winding roads, solid farm-houses, placidly munching cows—and all of a sudden a medieval town, hardly touched

by the passage of the centuries: that was the dominant impression of the Romantic Road between Rothenburg and Augsburg. At Feuchtwangen, the cloister gardens appeared to the travellers as a natural setting for some historical play; and indeed the annual performances of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* drew many visitors from near and far to the town.

The coach stopped at Dinkelsbühl, and the conductor took the occupants—most of them tourists—on a short walk from the picturesque mill-pond to the fifteenth-century St George's cathedral, telling them on the way the story of the children of Dinkelsbühl who saved the town in the Thirty Years' War. They marched out to the Swedish camp and begged the commander to reverse his decision to let his soldiers pillage and burn Dinkelsbühl—the usual thing at the time, for apparently neither of the two warring parties, the Catholics and the Protestants, found such terrorism inconsistent with their Christian faith. However, the children touched the Swedish commander's heart, and the town was spared. Ever since, the incident has been re-enacted annually by the citizens of Dinkelsbühl as an historical play.

Now the landscape changed as the road entered the Ries, crossing the remnants of the Roman *limes*, the Great Wall cutting Southern Germany in half from east to west, marking the limits of Rome's conquest. Ripe, golden wheatfields under a cloudless blue sky extended as far as the eye could see. Then came Nördlingen, still guarded by its massive, red-tiled battlements and towers, but bustling with modern life. It had many odd features such as twin houses built under one roof, tanneries with open drying-lofts, and leaning walls. Hungry Ginger and Jim, however, showed even more interest in the *Schlachtplatte* they had for lunch: liver and blood sausages on a bed of *Sauerkraut*.

They crossed the Danube at Donauwörth; a pleasant, almost idyllic river, very different from the mighty stream that passes Vienna and dominates Budapest and Belgrade on its way to the Black Sea. 'There is a little place nearby, further up the Danube', Mr Watkins told them, 'which has a special significance in our history. It is called Höchstädt, and it was there that John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and his Austrian ally, Prince Eugene, defeated the Bavarian and French armies in

1704. The Battle of Höchstädt is well known to all educated Germans.'

'Never heard of Höchstädt', said Jim, who was pretty good at history. 'Why didn't we learn about the battle if it was so important?'

'You did,' smiled his father. 'Only we call it by a different name. There's another little village near the battlefield; its name is Blindheim. Our soldiers brought back a garbled version of that name. Do you now know what I'm talking about?'

Chapter 6

LIFE WITH THE LECHNERS

THE ROMANS, who founded Augusta Vindelicorum two thousand years ago, came on foot and on horseback. The Swabians came with their heavy ox-carts during the migration of peoples in the early Middle Ages, and renamed it Augsburg. Emperors and princes came to the town in their State coaches, merchants arrived with their trains of wares to sell and buy in Augsburg, prosperous citizens from all over Europe were brought by the post-chaise and later by the railway. The Watkins family came by bus along the Romantic Road.

Augsburg, on the cross-roads from Italy to Frankfurt and Hamburg and from Vienna and Salzburg to Western Europe, grew into the most important Bavarian trade centre in the late Middle Ages. The English visitors looked over the many traces that were still left of the Fugger and Welser families, whose import and export business—as we would call it nowadays—extended from one end of the civilized world to the other. *Jakob Fugger der Reiche*, wealthy Jakob Fugger as he was styled, founded the first community settlement in the world, the *Fuggerei*, for his clerks and workers, around 1510. It is still in existence, and serves as an institution for Augsburg's needy old people, who live here for a nominal rent of 3 marks 42 pfennigs per annum—about six shillings. At the *Fuggerei*, artists such as Holbein the painter and Mozart the composer were given facilities and encouragement; the Fuggers liked to call themselves 'royal merchants', and to prove that making money was not their whole ambition in life. They had a keen social conscience and a great love of art.

The travellers were disappointed when a thunderstorm arrived as they were having lunch, for they had bought tickets for Augsburg's famous open-air opera the same night; it was, of course,

Ginger who had spotted the notice on the *Litfassäule*, one of the big pillars in the streets serving as bill-boards all over Germany. But the rain was not very heavy, and later in the afternoon the sun came out again.

The Rote Tor, the Red Gate, one of the remaining parts of Augsburg's fortifications, together with its rampart, bridge, and moat, furnished the background for a particularly delightful performance of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*; the birds occasionally joined in with the arias, being kept awake by the music under their trees. It was just as difficult to get Ginger and Jim to go to bed in their Gasthaus, with their ears and minds still full of the exciting impressions of the evening.

A fast electric train took the travellers in fifty minutes from Augsburg to Munich's vast *Hauptbahnhof*, and while it was clattering over the lines to its assigned platform they saw from the carriage window the curious bulb-shaped tops of the towers belonging to the town's famous landmark, the Frauenkirche. 'I think the story goes that the people of Munich wanted to have a cathedral with two ordinary spires', said Mr Watkins, 'but the money available for the building didn't go that far, and so they decided to have these short cupolas instead. That was around 1480.'

Munich was a metropolis—you could see that at the very first glance. With its 850,000 inhabitants, it was now Germany's third largest city after Berlin and Hamburg; but in cultural importance it was second to none. As the visitors crossed the town in one of the bright blue tramcars they had the impression that the Bavarian capital, full of hurrying people and vehicles, was more go-ahead than any German town they had seen so far; they had yet to see behind this lively façade to discover another aspect of Bavarian life.

The Ludwigstrasse, a wide, straight boulevard lined by stately buildings, a kilometre in length, and its continuation took them to Munich's famous residential and artists' quarter called Schwabing. The tram stopped at the corner of the Franz Josefstrasse, and after a short walk beside the chestnut-trees on the footway they found the house in which the Lechners had their flat. In Munich, as in the rest of Germany, the vast majority of people lived in flats in large four- or five-storey houses, each containing an average of

eight or ten flats, extensive cellars and lofts, and a small flat for the house-porter.

The names of the occupants were to be seen on the panel of bell-buttons at the house door, and half a minute after Mr Watkins had rung the Lechners' bell there was a buzz in the door lock; now the door could be pushed open. There was an electric button in each flat which operated the lock.

The entire Lechner family was on the first-floor landing, ready to welcome the visitors: Anton Lechner, a big friendly man; his wife, Minna, an agile, dumpy little lady; Liesl, a fair-haired, brown-eyed girl of 14 with a wistful look, and 11-year-old, lanky Walter, who was wearing loose-fitting Bavarian leather shorts—as was his father. Jim remembered now that he had seen many German men in the streets, restaurants and even offices wearing shorts, especially in Bavaria: long trousers did not seem to be essential for the well-dressed man in summer, but as soon as it was raining there appeared a parade of spotless, bright mackintoshes in the streets; Jim couldn't imagine a German man of fashion wearing anything like his father's old raincoat, the sort of thing that was the rule in England.

'Hullo—so glad to see you', said Mr Lechner with his broad smile. 'Come in, come in!'

'Sure we aren't too many for you?' said Mr Watkins, still wondering how the Lechners would manage.

'The more the merrier, as you say in England!' said Lechner. His English was excellent; he had worked for a year or so for the British Occupation authorities at a time when most theatres and film studios were in ruins after the war, and it was then that Mr Watkins had first met him. But Frau Lechner could not speak a word of English; neither could Walter, but Liesl had learnt it at school and was pretty good at it. Walter looked in some bewilderment from his father to Mr Watkins and then to the English children, and asked '*Sprecht ihr deutsch?*'

'*Ich kann etwas deutsch*', said Jim in his best accent. 'But don't talk too fast or I won't understand a word.'

'They'll both speak perfect German before we Lechners are through with them,' Herr Lechner prophesied. 'We talk such a lot—they just can't help learning the language!'

He was right. From that moment, Jim and Ginger made rapid progress, while Walter picked up some useful English phrases—not all of them, however, in the Queen's English. Liesl acted as an interpreter when necessary; but Frau Lechner, who had hoped to learn a lot of English from their young guests, gave up after a few attempts. '*Ach, ich bin zu dumm dazu!*' she declared, and left it at that.

German family life was a most interesting experience for Jim and Ginger. For the next three weeks they were, to all intents and purposes, members of the Lechner family. The plan was for them to stay at the Lechners' flat for a week; the rooms had been rearranged: Liesl and Ginger slept in the children's room, and the boys in the spare room. The flat was spacious; these old houses, built in what was the late Victorian age in England and the *Gründerjahre*, the 'business-founding years', in Germany, had been designed for the social needs of a prosperous middle class that liked to show its wealth: there were rooms for dining, lounging, sewing, studying; for the parents, the children, and the servants; and there was invariably a *Salon*, the reception room, usually furnished in gilt-edged mock rococo, to be used only on special occasions and on Sunday mornings between 12 and 1 o'clock, the time for unannounced social calls.

The shortage of houses and living-space, together with the impoverishment of the middle classes as a result of the first world war and the inflation which followed it, destroyed that sumptuous way of life. Many large flats were split up: some of the rooms were made accessible through the former servants' entrance up the back stairs, and an additional kitchen and bathroom installed. This process began anew after the second world war, when bombing and shelling had reduced the available living-space in the big towns.

The Lechners occupied the front part of such a divided flat; yet it was still so large that they were easily able to put up their three English guests. Mr Watkins was allotted a small room of his own—that of Lina, the maid, who had been given leave to spend the whole of August with her family in her native village in Lower Bavaria, where she was much needed during the harvest.

After their week's stay in Munich, the Watkinses were to go with the Lechners for a fortnight's holiday to the Bavarian mountains, where they would have a small house—actually a disused mill, explained Herr Lechner—to themselves. It was an exciting prospect, especially as the holiday place was near a large lake, the Tegernsee.

There was something unfamiliar about a German living-room, thought Jim; but it took him some time to discover what it was. There was no fireplace! As a matter of fact, there were no fireplaces at all in the whole flat, and when he tried to explain to Liesl what he meant by a fireplace she didn't know what he was talking about. Eventually she admitted that she had read about these things in old stories, and seen them in pictures of past periods and foreign lands. Nearly all the houses in Germany built during the last sixty or seventy years had central heating as a matter of course, and during the last few years the individual boilers in the cellars of the blocks of flats had been superseded by district heating installations: there was a large power plant for the production of super-heated steam in the centre of the town, and pipes had been laid through a great number of streets to provide houses with steam for the radiators. The boilers in the cellars were supplanted by transformers to reduce the heat of the steam from the central plant to the temperature suitable for the radiators.

Many older houses had stoves instead of central heating—enormous *Kachelöfen*, Dutch-tile stoves, or iron anthracite stoves. But no one in Germany would have thought of depending on a wasteful, messy, inefficient open fireplace for heat. Jim and Ginger had to get used to regarding as the social 'centre' of a living-room not the semicircle around the fireplace as at home in winter or summer alike, but the big table in the middle of the room or the easy-chair corner near the window. (German windows, by the way, were all double-windows, with air-space between the inner and the outer panes to provide heat insulation and keep out draughts.)

On a warm summer evening the spacious balcony, lined with geranium boxes, became the meeting-place of the family. Here they had their *Abendbrot* of rye-bread and butter, *Aufschnitt* (mixed slices of sausages, ham, brawn, and so on), thin discs of fried potatoes, *Rettich* (a giant radish which was cut in slices,

and made to 'weep' by salting ten minutes before eating it), large crisp *Brezeln*, and perhaps a chunk of hot *Leberkäs*, another Munich speciality—a kind of pudding made of meat and liver. Mr Watkins and the Lechner parents had ice-cold, golden-brown beer (Walter usually fetched it in a jug from the *Wirtshaus* at the corner, where it came out of the barrel), and the children had lemonade or milk. The milk, Ginger noticed, was skimmed and somewhat bluish; she didn't like it much. But the abundance of whipped cream in the *Konditoreien* answered the question as to where the top of the milk went. Mr Watkins preferred the English system of keeping the milk as fat as possible for everybody, even if it meant that there was less whipped cream for those who could afford it.

It was a great moment for Ginger when she was sent shopping for the first time—in German! Frau Lechner briefed her carefully, of course, but it was quite an adventure, with foreign money, weights, and wares. The woman who kept the *Kolonialwarengeschäft*—a long word meaning an ordinary grocer's shop—tried to help and explain as much as she could. 'Ein Viertel Topfen', Ginger ordered, for instance: a quarter of a pound of cream cheese. In reply she was asked whether she wanted it with or without *Schnittlauch*, which, after some moments of misunderstanding, turned out to be chives. Then she ordered a jar of marmalade, but discovered that the German word *Marmelade* meant jam—any kind of jam. But Ginger shouldered bravely the burden of responsibility in deciding what she would buy.

At the same time, she had to take care that the purchases remained within the limits of the family budget. Housekeeping in Germany, she found, was very easy in one way, because you had only to ask for things to get them; but it was also very expensive. Many customers bought margarine instead of butter, and *Malzkaffee*—a kind of coffee made from malt—instead of real coffee. Ginger was still getting confused with the decimal system of the German money, one mark equalling 100 pfennig—about 1s. 9d. in English currency. Instinctively, she expected twelve instead of ten *Groschen*—10-pfennig pieces—to make up one mark, feeling cheated when she had to pay 60 pfennig, put down a one-mark piece, and got only four *Groschen* change! Another difficulty was

the wide variety of banknotes (usually in a somewhat grubby condition): their value ranged from ten to five hundred marks—apart from a fair range of coins from one pfennig to five marks.

Then there were the weights and measures, all different from the English ones, and all based on the metric and decimal systems. A German pound was 500 grammes, or half a kilogramme, the English lb. being only 450 grammes. However, once you got used to kilogrammes and grammes it seemed a much more practical system than the English ounces, pounds, stones, grains, drams, and what-have-you. Equally, the metric system of measures seemed to Ginger quite logical and simple after a few days of bewilderment: one kilometre equalling 1,000 metres, 1 metre equalling 100 centimetres and one centimetre ten millimetres; $2\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres equalling one English inch. The litre as the unit of liquid measure—in Bavaria, and applied to beer, it was invariably called *Mass*—equalled one and three-quarters of an English pint. One of the beauties of that system was, as Liesl revealed to Ginger, that one litre of cold water weighed exactly one kilogramme! 'Sooner or later you English will adopt this system just like the rest of the world', prophesied Liesl.

Anton Lechner was a native of Munich, and his grief was that the *echten Münchner*, his genuine fellow-citizens, made up only half of the population of the town. From all over Germany, and especially from the Eastern provinces, from the Sudetenland, Silesia, Pomerania and East Prussia, people had fled or migrated to Bavaria during the national upheaval after the second world war. Now you could hear the typical accents of nearly every German dialect in the streets of Munich. The natives, though hospitable, easy-going, and tolerant, had always been somewhat allergic to 'foreigners'—and that term, as understood by the people of Upper Bavaria, included anybody coming from the other side of the Danube, even Franconians, although they were Bavarians too. But the *echte Münchner*, very similar in character to the dyed-in-the-wool Scotsman, liked to pretend that the human species in its perfection could only be found between the Danube and the Alps, and that anything and anybody disturbing its traditional and well-balanced *Gemütlichkeit* was evil.

That easy-going, unperturbed *Gemütlichkeit* was, as Jim discovered, the reverse of Munich's outwardly fashionable and energetic life. The prototype of the Munich Philistine, the butt of Germany's caricaturists for the last half-century or more, still existed here and there: the staunch, fat-bellied local patriot with his walrus moustache and green hat, walking towards the *Hofbräuhaus* beer-garden with his dachshund (there are more dogs of this breed in Munich than anywhere in the world) to take up his customary seat for the evening, animating his conversation with the traditional grumble about the 'Prussians'—his number-one bugbears.

Yet the *echte Münchner*, with or without dachshund, had a great sense of humour and loved to make fun of himself and his own oddities; the comedian who represented that cock-eyed side of the Bavarian character best, Karl Valentin, has a monument in Munich—one of the very few to a comedian in the world.

That queer streak in the Bavarian people found visible expression in its nineteenth-century rulers, some of whom were so mad that they ended their days in mental darkness. But these Wittelsbach princes, whose memory is still cherished by the Bavarian people, had the marks of genius which so often go with madness. King Ludwig I re-built Munich into a beautiful town with wide boulevards and extensive open spaces; Ludwig II attracted Europe's artists to Bavaria, including Richard Wagner, and made Munich Germany's capital of the arts, of the theatre, of music and painting. It was then that Schwabing, Munich's northern district, began to be known as the artists' quarter. Cultural and social life reached the greatest heights at the beginning of the century. Kaulbach and Lenbach, the painters, Thomas Mann, the writer, Richard Strauss, the composer, and innumerable others, *echte Münchner* as well as those who chose to live and work in Munich, found the town's artistic climate invigorating—though some, like Strauss, had to battle against official blockheadedness. The Nazi years meant a violent break with Munich's tradition as Germany's capital of the arts, but despite the destruction by air-raids, despite the invasion of 'foreigners', the town's own, characteristic atmosphere asserted itself again.

Herr Lechner showed the Watkins family around the town with its contrasting aspects: the elegant shopping centre and the

crooked, narrow streets in the oldest part of the town, the enormous restaurant gardens and the little cafés, the New State Gallery with its unique collection of German, Dutch, and Italian masterpieces, and the Frauenkirche, the cathedral with the bulb steeples, so high that its ceiling is hardly visible from the dusky interior.

'There's an old legend about this church', Herr Lechner told his guests as they walked in. 'While it was being built the Devil came along, riding the four winds. He fastened them on the wall outside the cathedral and went in to see how the work was getting on, and what he could do to hamper it. On this spot here he stopped and looked—but he could not see any windows! Look for yourself.'

It was true; from that spot no window could be seen.

'So the Devil became furious, because where there is no light there is nothing for the Prince of Darkness to attack. In his wrath he stamped his foot—the human-shaped one, not the hoof. And here, right under your noses, is the result!'

Three pairs of eyes turned their gaze to the floor. Indeed, in one of the old stone slabs there was the deep imprint of a foot! Ginger shrank back a little, but Jim was sceptical. 'A good story, Herr Lechner—but isn't there any historical explanation of the foot-print?'

'No, Jim. Neither is there a meteorological explanation for the fact, which you will have noticed, that there's always some wind right outside the cathedral, even if the air is completely still in the rest of the town. Well, the story goes that Satan, after stamping his foot, rushed out and dashed straight back to Hell under his own power, forgetting to untie and take away the four winds that brought him! And so they are still here, blowing around the Frauenkirche. . . .'

Mr Watkins, Jim and Walter made a special 'men only' excursion to the Deutsches Museum on an island in the river Isar, the nearest thing to the South Kensington Science Museum one could find anywhere in the world. Jim knew his Science Museum by heart—at least the sections that interested him most—but this enormous and brilliantly laid-out collection of technical exhibits, which told the whole story of human achievement from the invention of the wheel to the latest developments, filled quite a number

of gaps in his knowledge. Besides, the Deutsches Museum had one advantage over South Kensington: having been heavily damaged during the last war, it had been completely reconstructed, on the most modern lines, only a few years ago, with the generous help of the citizens of Munich who are very fond of this museum, the biggest of its kind in the world.

Among the things which the boys liked most (Jim explaining the underlying scientific principles to Walter in his newly-acquired German) were the 800,000-volt high-tension generator, which was operated for them by an attendant; an ingenious little machine demonstrating centrifugal force; the first sound-film projector, made by three German inventors in 1923; the realistic reproduction of an alchemist's laboratory; the original equipment with which Heinrich Hertz generated and transmitted electro-magnetic waves in 1886; a model of the experiment which Count Rumford, the American-born statesman and scientist, carried out at the Munich Arsenal during the boring of a cannon, to prove that heat and energy were interchangeable; Diesel's first engine; the first primitive telephone, invented by a German school-teacher, Philipp Reis, long before Bell; the golden State Coach of King Ludwig II; a German rocket motor-car of 1928; the submarine built by a Bavarian corporal a hundred years ago; and the gondola of a Zeppelin airship of 1900.

There was a little cabin next to the glass-case containing an X-ray machine: the visitors stepped inside and held their hands and purses behind a greenish screen—to see their own bones and the contents of their purses! Jim had to admit that this was quite frightening, but Walter wanted to see Jim's head 'from inside'. Fortunately, the available space was too narrow for such a bulky object to be X-rayed, and Walter had to be content with seeing a live beetle move inside the match-box in which he had been carrying the insect about.

But the greatest thrill was the descent, in a miners' lift-cage, to the life-size colliery deep down underneath the museum building. It was almost like Madame Tussauds, only that the wax effigies in the galleries and at the coal-face were each doing some special job and handling various kinds of mining equipment, old and new. This was Walter's favourite part of the museum, and when they

emerged into the open air again his mind was made up: he would be a miner when he was old enough.

Ginger had no reason to complain that she was not getting enough of her favourite form of entertainment, the theatre. Anton Lechner, being himself an actor, not only got her a free ticket for a performance of *The Importance of Being Earnest*—German title, *Bunbury*—in which he played the Reverend Chasuble, at the Kammerspiele, which was a delightful performance in a delightful little theatre; he also took her on one of his free nights to the State-owned Residenztheater which was actually part of the former royal palace and originally built for the Elector's private performances. Ginger noticed with satisfaction the absence of faded plush and flaking gilt, which made many London theatres so antiquated and uninspiring: the Residenztheater was modern, though rather flamboyant in style, and the last word in comfort and stage apparatus. The play was Lessing's famous comedy, *Minna von Barnhelm*, in which the author—who lived in the period of Goldsmith—portrays some of his contemporaries with much good-natured humour.

Another interesting experience was the Marionettentheater, a small, circular building in one of the public parks, erected in the last century by Count Pocci, the puppet-stage enthusiast. He revived the old art of the string-puppet theatre, which had been flourishing all through the Middle Ages in Germany; Goethe took the story of his great work, *Faust*, from an old puppet play. Ginger saw it in the Marionettentheater. It had many elements of the traditional English Punch and Judy show; what was Punch in England was the character of Kasperl in the German puppet theatre, the jolly, cheeky fellow who had to battle his way through encounters with monsters and policemen, ghosts and furious women: a distinct predecessor of Charlie Chaplin, and, like him, an eternal figure.

The cinemas were not much of an attraction for the English travellers: the majority of films were American, but 'dubbed' in German, so that the actors had been robbed of their own voices and given strange, German ones; there were a few English films, likewise dubbed, which Jim and Ginger had seen months ago, and

some French and Italian ones which were not *jugendfrei*—that is, young people under 18 were strictly forbidden to see them, with or without adults. They saw a new German film, a comedy with a lot of music; but they found the humour somewhat pedestrian and heavy-going. Anton Lechner, who did a great deal of film work himself, was rather pessimistic about German films. 'We can make good films only when we're down and out', he said. 'The national misery after the first world war—that was the time when Germany made her great mark in film history, with *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* and the first Lubitsch and Fritz Lang pictures. *The Blue Angel*, which put Marlene Dietrich in the limelight—that was the time when we had six million unemployed and the tide of the Nazis was rising. After the catastrophe of 1945 there was a short period when everybody thought Germany was going to make good films again. But now we're too smug, too self-complacent—*es geht uns zu gut!*'

Mr Watkins thought this was too sweeping a statement, and that Germany's astonishing recovery after the war was no reason for making boring and uninspired pictures. But perhaps he was wrong, perhaps Germany's artistic temperament was really subdued when things were going well.

Jim and Ginger noticed a few differences in English and German cinema-going. The double-feature programme was unknown in German cinemas; the programme consisted of the feature film, a newsreel, and perhaps a short documentary. Performances were not continuous; one had to buy one's ticket for the performance one wanted to see, and had to leave the cinema at the end of it, just as in the theatre. This had at least one advantage: there was no queueing. You bought your ticket for a certain seat, and when the seats were all sold there was no point in queueing.

'Would you like to see how we make films?' Herr Lechner asked Jim and Ginger. 'At least our technical facilities are first-class. I'll take you to Geiseltasteig to-morrow. No, Liesl and Walter, you can't come—that would be too many of us. You've been there already.'

Geiseltasteig was a film-town in the lovely Isartal, the river valley south of the capital. It was one of the oldest studios and now the biggest and most modern studio complex on the European

Continent. Lubitsch had directed films here, and so had Alfred Hitchcock in the silent days. English, French, and Italian companies came to produce their films in Geiseltasteig to use up their 'frozen' German assets, and to enjoy the first-rate technical facilities of these studios. There were eight big 'stages', many workshops, laboratories for all processing work, recording theatres, costume and prop stores of vast dimensions, able to deal with any historical period; there were also some luxurious villas in the grounds, houses which famous stars or directors had built for themselves—and then sold to their successors when their fame and income began to wane.

Herr Lechner took his guests to three or four different films-in-the-making, and they were allowed to tiptoe over cables and around carpenters and electricians, carefully guided by Anton Lechner so that they would not appear in some film scene as unpaid extras. They watched two lines of dialogue in a dramatic scene being rehearsed over and over again; a gay ball in turn-of-the-century costumes; a knockabout farce, which looked rather silly with dozens of serious technicians standing about and no one laughing; and a passionate love scene, which was frequently interrupted by the sound recordist who complained that he couldn't get his microphone near enough to pick up the noise of a kiss. 'Look— isn't that Anton Walbrook?' whispered Ginger. It was; but in Munich, where he had started his career in the pre-Hitler days, he was famous under his original name, Adolf Wohlbrück.

'Well, who knows,' said Anton Lechner as they walked back to the tram station, 'perhaps the long-awaited German masterpiece is among the films at which we had a peep this afternoon. But I have my doubts. German producers are too much concerned with making money with "the mixture as before". They don't dare to experiment.'

Jim wanted to watch a cricket match to see how the Germans played. Walter and Liesl stared at him. Walter had never heard the word. Liesl had read about it in her English textbooks, but didn't Jim know that cricket was not played in Germany?

'What else do you play then?' he inquired.

'Football', said the Lechner children. 'Tennis. Handball. Netball. And *Deutschball*, of course.'

'*Deutschball*?'

'Yes. That's what we call it in Bavaria. They call it *Schlagball* in Prussia. It's our favourite game.'

'But how is it played?'

'Well, it's played on any flat ground. There are two teams and two goals. One team starts. One of its players tries to hit a small leather ball with a stick—a special one, which is a little thicker at the hitting end. As soon as the ball is in the air the player drops his stick and runs towards the other goal as fast as he can while the opposing team pick up the ball and try to hit him with it while he's still running. If he reaches the opposite goal without being hit his team goes on batting; if he's hit, the other team begins to bat. The successful runs are counted up for each side. The most important thing is, of course, to hit the ball so that it travels as far as possible through the air and the opposing team doesn't get time to throw the ball back to its players who could hit the runner. But a good runner can dodge the ball successfully even at a short distance. The defending team must therefore post its players so skilfully in front of the goal that by passing the ball quickly from one to the other the runner is prevented from getting through and doesn't know from one second to the next who might try to have a shot at him. . . .'

Jim reflected. 'Makes you think a bit of cricket', he said. 'I wonder if the man who invented it had visited England and seen a cricket game and forgot half of it while travelling back to Germany?'

Like most Germans, the Lechners were early risers. School began at eight, which made it necessary for Frau Lechner and the children to get up at half-past six or a quarter to seven; and even now, during school holidays, the family was usually up and about at seven. Only Herr Lechner stayed in bed a little longer on mornings after evening performances at the theatre. But sometimes he had to be up at six to be in Geiseltasteig at eight for a film part.

Theatrical rehearsals usually began at ten and went on until

afternoon. Herr Lechner liked to leave the house at nine and take a long walk in the English Garden before going to the theatre. One morning at breakfast Jim and Ginger asked for suggestions about what they could do—something they had not done before in Munich. 'Take a walk with me', laughed Herr Lechner. The English children took him seriously; they liked him very much for his unshakable good humour and his inexhaustible store of interesting information about everything connected with his beloved Munich.

After five minutes' walk the street ended abruptly. There was a little bridge across a brook, and all of a sudden they found themselves in a vast, quiet, shadowy park—the English Garden.

'Why has it got that name?' asked Jim.

'That's an interesting story', said Anton Lechner. 'There was a young American by the name of Benjamin Thompson who worked for the British as a secret agent in the American War of Independence 180 years ago. When the rebels won he had to get out of the country, and he looked for something to do in Europe. The Bavarian Elector—Bavaria became a kingdom only in 1805, by the grace of Napoleon—engaged him to study the state of his country, and perhaps suggest a few reforms. Thompson impressed him so much with his ideas that the Elector appointed him Minister of War and Police. In that capacity, Thompson reformed the Bavarian army to such an extent that it became Europe's first citizens' army; he 'rid Munich of its thousands of beggars and turned them into useful members of the community, and he had the idea of laying out an enormous park after the model of London's Hyde Park on a neglected, marshy stretch of land along the river Isar—and here it is.'

It was certainly not a neglected area now but a beautiful garden, with shady elm and beech groves and broad stretches of lawn in between, and lively, meandering brooks under overhanging willows, converging to a large pond over roaring cascades. Children were playing in sand-pits, old folks enjoyed the sunlight on the benches, lovers were walking arm-in-arm on the winding paths. 'Here we come to skate and toboggan in winter', said Herr Lechner. 'And here is the Memorial which the grateful citizens of Munich put up to the creator of the English Garden, Benjamin

Thompson—or rather Count Rumford, as he was called when the Bavarian Elector made him an Imperial Count.'

'Rumford? The same man who made that cannon-boring experiment we saw at the *Deutsche Museum*?'

'Yes. And the same man who founded the Royal Institution in London, and who invented "Music While You Work". . . .'

'But Herr Lechner, there was no radio in those times!'

'I'm not pulling your leg. It's true. Rumford made a battalion or two of the Bavarian army dig and shovel in what was to be the English Garden; and while they worked he ordered the military bands to play for them to keep them in good spirits!'

They were standing before the little memorial. The alabaster profile of a keen young man was looking down from its upper part, but the inscription on the lower part had long been effaced by the weather. 'But he has another, an edible monument in the kitchens of Germany', mused Herr Lechner. 'It's called Rumford Soup—the recipe he devised for feeding the poor people of Munich while training them to become useful citizens.'

Chapter 7

THE REAL MUNICH

'BY THE WAY', said Herr Lechner as he, Jim, and Ginger emerged from the English Garden, walking towards the theatre, 'we're starting rehearsals to-day for a play which I'm sure you know : *Peter Pan*.'

'Peter Pan?' cried Ginger. 'How exciting! It's my favourite play. Do you do it in English?'

'Oh, no. It has recently been translated into German by a very well-known author—though perhaps his name isn't so familiar in England: Erich Kästner.'

'Erich Kästner!' Now it was Jim's turn to shout enthusiastically. 'He's my favourite German writer. I've read his *Emil and the Detectives* at least four times. Will he be at the rehearsal?'

'Well, he said he'd look in if he had time.'

'Oh, please,' begged Ginger, 'could we go in and just sit quietly in the stalls?'

'It's against all the rules of the house,' said Herr Lechner. 'But I'll talk to the producer and see what I can do.' Suddenly he changed his tone and bearing. 'My character is that of a very persuasive fellow,' he boomed, 'who bullies his way through the play right to the end—till Peter Pan gets the better of him. . . .'

'Captain Hook!' they cried as with one voice.

The producer made no objections to the two young people watching the rehearsal, in fact he was glad to have a couple of English children there to see how much of the atmosphere of the original *Peter Pan* was coming through in the German version. Jim and Ginger were allowed to sit in the third row of the stalls.

It was really most exciting to see, at the producer's command, '*Vorhang auf!*', the curtain rise on an empty stage with people in everyday clothes—and to identify them with the characters they

knew so well. It was not difficult to find out which of them was Nana—she was a very nimble young actress who walked on all fours so competently that Ginger nearly cried out with joy; but Herr Lechner had warned the visitors not to disturb the rehearsal by making noises.

'Ich will nicht ins Bett, ich will nicht, ich will nicht!' was the opening line of the play in German, spoken by a little boy in the part of Michael. *'Nana, es ist noch nicht sechs Uhr!'*

The producer interrupted, showing the actors how he visualized their lines and how they should move on the stage. Then he said, *'Weiter!'*, and the play went on. The rest of the Darling family was introduced, Michael was put on a box representing the bed, and a pocket torch, operated by one of the electricians, simulated Tinker Bell's wanderings through the room. And then a girl in shorts and a green blouse appeared in the frame of a window propped up in front of the back-drop.

'Peter Pan!' whispered Ginger much too loud. The producer turned round, smiled, and put his finger to his mouth.

'Klingklang, bist du da? Komm heraus aus dem Krug!' said Peter.

At the end of the first act, the actors had to 'fake' their flying act because the apparatus had not yet been installed. *'Vorhang!'* commanded the producer as the Darling children, led by Peter Pan, 'floated' out of the window. *'Pause!'*

'Well, how do you like it?' a voice said in German behind the English visitors. They turned round. A dark-haired, unassuming man with a high forehead and a genial smile was sitting behind them in the otherwise empty auditorium. 'It's an English play, you know.'

'We know,' said Jim, 'we are English ourselves.'

Before he could reply, Herr Lechner came up, shook hands with him, and introduced the visitors. 'This is Jim Watkins and that's Ginger, and this is Dr Erich Kästner.'

Jim nearly passed out with excitement: the first live author he had ever seen, and his favourite one at that! Now he was really glad he had learnt so much German, for Dr Kästner spoke very little English (though he read it very well, otherwise he could not have turned *Peter Pan* into a German play). He invited Jim and

Ginger to have some *Weisswürste* with him in the theatre restaurant—those delicious, whitish veal sausages for which Munich is famous, and which, according to a time-honoured custom, are served only until noon. They are eaten with a sharp, peppery kind of mustard, and of course accompanied by the large, crisp *Brezeln* which the travellers had already made their favourite Munich speciality.

The producer and Herr Lechner joined the *Weisswurst*-eating group, and Ginger was asked quite a number of questions about English *Peter Pan* performances. Jim acted, where necessary, as the interpreter, as Ginger's German vocabulary was still a little limited. He was immensely proud to be talking to the great man, and as soon as he could he told him how he loved *Emil*, and that he had seen the English film version of Kästner's more recent story, *Das doppelte Lottchen*, which was called *Twice Upon a Time* on the English screen.

While Dr Kästner went to make a telephone call, Herr Lechner told Jim that writing children's stories was only one side of his hero's literary work. He had first made a name for himself as a young poet in the 1920's with his ardent, satirical verses warning Germany that she was on the road to another war and national disaster. His poems were read and recited all over the country, and Kästner was often likened to Heinrich Heine, who had fought just as bravely against reaction and militarism a hundred years earlier. When the Nazis came to power, Kästner's books were publicly burnt, and he was unable to publish anything for twelve years; day and night he was in danger of being arrested and sent to a concentration camp, and more than once the secret State Police cross-examined him. He could have got out of Hitler's Reich, but he did not want to leave his old parents behind.

'And is he really a doctor?' asked Ginger.

Herr Lechner smiled. 'Oh no. But here in Germany everybody who has an academic degree is called "doctor"—whether he took his degree in medicine, philosophy, law, science or some other branch of learning. Erich Kästner is a doctor of philosophy.'

Just then Dr Kästner returned from the telephone. 'I'm afraid I can't stay on for the rest of the rehearsal,' he said, 'they want me at the International Youth Library.'

'You and your Library,' said the producer. 'Well, if that's more important to you than your play——'

'It is', said Dr Kästner. He was quite serious now. 'And you two', he turned to Jim and Ginger, 'I suppose you'd like to stay—so good-bye.'

Jim, nearly heart-broken at the prospect of having to part with his newly-acquired friend, took his courage in both hands and asked, 'Oh, couldn't we come with you to the Youth Library?'

Dr Kästner beamed. 'You certainly can,' he said. 'It's for people like you we established it. Come along!'

Ginger would have liked to see the rest of *Peter Pan* but the Youth Library sounded intriguing enough to make her go with them. Herr Lechner promised to ring his wife and tell her not to wait for the children with lunch.

On the way from the Maximilianstrasse past the Residenz and through the Hofgarten, formerly the Bavarian princes' pleasure grove and now an open-air café garden, Dr Kästner told his English friends the story of the International Youth Library which was so dear to his heart. After three years' preparation, it had been opened in 1949 as a place for international understanding among young people by means of books. Within a matter of months, many thousands of books from dozens of countries—all of them free gifts—grew into one of the best international libraries in the world, and the house of the IYL became a meeting-place of young people, writers, publishers, youth leaders, teachers, and many soldiers of the American Forces; exhibitions and musical evenings, discussions and lectures were held, and soon the young people themselves began to make new suggestions. To plan and direct the activities.

'We succeeded in creating a kind of library that was quite new in Germany', Dr Kästner told the children. 'For instance, I got together a group of youngsters who wanted to become writers, and we wrote a play as a team! It was then produced at the Library and even broadcast. Another part of our activities is the teaching of foreign languages by books and gramophone records. I joined a group,' he smiled, 'but I think I'm quite hopeless. . . .'

They had arrived at a beautiful big house in the Kaulbachstrasse. It was swarming with children and youngsters of all ages

and a number of different nationalities—many foreign visitors, diplomats, and other people from abroad who had settled in Munich sent their children to the Library. Dr Kästner handed Jim and Ginger over to an elderly woman, the Director of the Library, who had lived for a long time in England and America. She showed them around. There was *Robinson Crusoe* in Afrikaans, *Alice* in Arabic, *Das doppelte Lottchen* in Japanese. Even more interesting than the long shelves with books in all kinds of languages were their users. In one corner, a group of 10-to-12-year-old girls were earnestly discussing the new German editions of *Wiedersehen mit Pu*, which Ginger recognized as her beloved *Pooh Corner*, and of *Doktor Dolittles geheimnisvoller See*, which had been one of Jim's favourites (before he graduated to *Emil*) as *Dr Dolittle's Secret Lake*. One of the rooms had an exhibition of children's paintings; another was just being darkened for a showing of documentary films.

'What do your readers like most?' asked Jim.

'Adventure books, travel books, and translations from foreign languages', said the Director. 'Science and biographies of great men come next, with Red Indian and detective stories as close runners-up, at least among the boys.'

'And what about the girls?' asked Ginger.

'They want novels with girls as heroines. Unfortunately, there are very few good stories of that type in German. Perhaps that is one of the reasons for the interesting fact that the majority of our readers are boys, most of them between the ages of nine and fourteen.'

Dr Kästner came to say good-bye to his English friends; he had been asked to speak at a class of young librarians—the IYL was running a training school to teach them the most up-to-date methods of librarianship.

'Perhaps I'll be a librarian when I'm old enough', mused Ginger as they scanned the shelves of this paradise for young readers.

'I *might* think of becoming a writer—like Erich Kästner', declared Jim.

On Sunday, the Lechners suggested a family outing to the Munich Zoo at Hellabrunn, in the Isar valley. Jim and Ginger

were not terribly enthusiastic. 'We've seen the Hagenbeck Zoo in Hamburg, and Regent's Park and Whipsnade and Chessington. . . .'

'But you haven't seen Hellabrunn,' said Liesl. 'I can promise you something you won't get anywhere else.'

The *Tierpark* at Hellabrunn was a geographical zoo, in which the animals were placed according to the region from which they came; thus, for instance, the zebras and the flamingoes were neighbours because both belong to Africa, and the polar bears and the reindeer lived next door to one another—all of them in their natural setting. Hellabrunn was, in fact, one vast animal reserve giving its inhabitants a maximum of freedom. Its director, famous zoologist Dr Heinz Heck, carried out successfully one of the most interesting experiments ever undertaken with animals: he produced specimens of the completely extinct aurochs by cross-breeding a number of 'modern' oxen from various parts of the world, each of which had certain characteristics of their common forefather, the aurochs. And now the visitors to the Hellabrunn Zoo were able to see with their own eyes a living animal of a species which had not trodden the earth for three hundred years!

The same experiment was made in order to produce the original wild horse, the ancestor of our present breeds: an animal which had already roamed Europe long before Man settled there. Stone-Age men later hunted it, and painted its picture on the walls of their caves. One type of that horse, the tarpan, a beautiful animal, was to be seen in several specimens when the Watkins and Lechner families visited Hellabrunn.

The walrus won Ginger's heart. She had never seen such an animal before, except in the illustrations of *Alice in Wonderland*. The strange thing was that the real walrus was just like Tenniel's with a bushy moustache hanging over its tusks and almost human little eyes; she would not have been surprised if it had opened its mouth and begun to speak: 'The time has come. . . .' But it did no such thing: it was much too busy floating, wriggling, and splashing about in its pond, which it shared with a couple of seals, obviously showing off to the delighted crowd. Ginger thought that the walrus was enjoying life more than any other animal she had ever watched.

'You didn't promise too much,' she said to Liesl.

'Oh, I wasn't thinking of the walrus', said Liesl. 'There's still something in store for you. Come on, this way!'

Menschenaffenstation—Ape Station—said a notice pointing the way to a large enclosure with a number of one-storey buildings and a spacious, semicircular yard. This was the communal settlement of a dozen or more families of chimpanzees, gorillas, bonobos, orang-utans, and gibbons—those apes which are the nearest relatives of Man in the animal kingdom. The Ape Station had been created not merely for the amusement of visitors, but for scientific research and experiment under ideal conditions. Zoologists, biologists, psychologists, and sociologists were among the regular visitors to this unique station, which had no rival anywhere in the world.

Perhaps the most important feature was that many of its inhabitants had been born here, some of them to the fourth or fifth generation, so that family life among the apes could be observed on a very wide scale, and the young could be watched in their development—the growth of their habits and 'language', their relationship with humans, their games and diseases, their joys and sorrows.

Jim and Ginger were fascinated. Wherever they turned, there were apes climbing, jumping, playing games, bathing, having meals, doing gymnastics. High up in the crow's nest on top of a mast in the yard was a young chimpanzee, eyeing the crowd underneath; another was just climbing up to join him. In a sand-pit, another little group of young orangs were building castles, just like human children, and having fun with a large washtub: at first, they were highly suspicious of the water, but within a quarter of an hour they all crowded into the tub, to the onlookers' delight. Cleanliness, it appeared, was a new habit in which these young animals could be trained without much difficulty; bathing, washing one's hands and feet, even cleaning one's teeth and nails were considered great fun. They were also a necessity; for these apes, brought up in surroundings to which their race was not conditioned, must be kept as free as possible from European bacteria against which they have no natural defences; the first cold, with European humans only a matter of coughing and sneezing, means

deadly danger to an orang-utan, with high fever and perhaps pneumonia. For this reason the apes' quarters inside the buildings, where the danger of infection from zoo visitors was greater, were partitioned off with glass.

Table manners was another habit which the young animals enjoyed once they had been trained in them. When the Lechners and Watkinses entered the 'ape children's house', seven or eight of them were just having their 'tea', using their cups and spoons very smartly and showing no undue haste or trying to snatch each other's food away. In the gymnasium, a girl keeper was conducting a P.T. class with three chimps, while others were amusing themselves at the rings and with an old car tyre—their favourite toy—or swinging from beam to beam.

The visitors stayed so long that they were able to watch how the animals were put to bed. Each of them had its own little berth, complete with soft mattress and blankets, arranged in tiers like a ship's sleeping-room. Mothers and their young children, of course, slept together. When the animal was in its bed and had tucked itself in the keeper closed the berth box with a wire panel so that the occupant could not fall out—or get out to pinch his neighbour's blanket. And so it was good night to the *Menschenaffen*, and good-bye to Hellabrunn.

The next day was the last which the English travellers were to spend in Munich. At breakfast, Herr and Frau Lechner, ably assisted by Liesl, were running through the list of sights which they felt a visitor to Munich should have seen. It appeared that they had made good use of their time, but there were still a few gaps to be filled. 'I'll take them along', said Liesl. 'Then I'll come too', insisted Herr Lechner—he could not bear the idea of someone else explaining his beloved town to the visitors.

They began with the Alter Hof, the first residence of the Bavarian dukes and later used as the mint, then went on to the Platzl, or little square, with the Hofbräuhaus and its famous beer-garden, and eventually crossed the Isar to gaze up at a strange building on top of a hill overlooking the river and the town. It was called the Maximilianeum, after a Bavarian king who put it up as a museum in the last century: a very wide, two-storey

edifice with a hundred or more enormous windows, but so shallow that the long wings were just passages through whose glassless windows you could see the sky behind the building. The centre, however, was a good deal more solid, and it was here that the Bavarian *Landtag*, or diet, had held its sessions since the old parliament building had been destroyed by air-raids.

Mr Watkins was just taking a snapshot of the Maximilianeum when suddenly Anton Lechner gave a shout and clapped his hand on his forehead. '*Ich Rindvieh!*' he cursed himself. 'I completely forgot—I've got a broadcast at eleven—and it's a quarter to now!'

They raced down to the street and hailed a passing taxi. '*Rundfunkhaus!*' called Herr Lechner. '*So schnell wie's geht!*'

Three minutes before eleven the taxi pulled up before the large, modern building of the Bayrischer Rundfunk, near the main railway station. Herr Lechner rushed to the lift, and Liesl, who knew her way about the house, took them to the waiting-room, where they could listen to Herr Lechner's voice coming from a loudspeaker; he read a short story for the *Frauenstunde*, Woman's Hour. Shortly after he had finished he came back, bringing his friend Herr Seemüller, a Programme Director. 'I told him I was so late because I had been sightseeing with you', said Herr Lechner, 'and instead of telling me off the kind soul offered to show you around the Rundfunkhaus, especially as Watkins is a BBC colleague.'

As they walked through the studios and control rooms, Herr Seemüller explained something of the structure of German broadcasting. 'Like the German press', he said, 'our radio is regional. There is no such thing as your Home or Light Service; we're working more on the principle of your Northern, Scottish and Welsh services, but all day long, not just for a few hours like the regional BBC stations. Hamburg, Cologne, Frankfurt, Baden-Baden, Stuttgart, Munich—they're all independent of one another, each with its own programme, transmitters, personnel and so on; and we have our own financial arrangements.'

'Does the money come from licences as in Britain, or from advertising as it does in America?' asked Jim, who had read a good deal about American radio.

'We sell licences', replied Herr Seemüller, 'but we also have some advertising—*Werbefunk*, as it is called. But it's only an odd quarter of an hour here and there, giving housewives details about sales and new gadgets and so on. It's entirely separate from the rest of our programmes, and there's no "sponsoring" of concerts or plays by liver-pill makers or tooth-paste firms.'

'Don't you sometimes link up with other German stations?'

'Yes, in the case of important topical broadcasts or special concerts or sports events. And Berlin, of course, has its own arrangements, with its independent station *Freies Berlin*; then there is RIAS, which was set up by the Americans as their own broadcasting station in their sector of the town, and finally there are two transmitters controlled by the East German government.'

'What is *Ultrakurzwellen*?' asked Ginger, pointing to a notice on one of the doors they were passing.

'Well, we're doing the same thing as your BBC,' smiled Herr Seemüller. 'We're broadcasting most of our programmes also on ultra-short waves—shorter than ten metres. In England, you call that range "VHF", Very High Frequencies. As we are all regional stations we can make good use of the special properties of these waves.'

'I don't understand a word', said Ginger.

'It's quite simple', Jim explained to her. 'These very short waves have only a very short range—a few dozen miles or so around the transmitter. But for that very reason they give you better sound: there is no interference from other transmitters because the range is so small, and you can accommodate a great number of transmitters on an ultra-short waveband. D'you get that, Gin?'

'No. But don't mind me.'

'But Gin, television is transmitted on ultra-short waves! Surely you understand that—oh, you're hopeless. By the way, how about TV in Germany?' Jim asked Herr Seemüller. 'It's all the rage in England!'

'We have been much slower here', he replied. 'In TV, the regional system seems to be a great disadvantage. Television productions and equipment cost many times more than sound broadcasting, and while most of the British TV productions come from London

we had to create the entire TV organization half a dozen times for each of the regional stations. Result: productions are not quite up to your standard. We've got the latest technical equipment, and extensive, brand-new buildings at Freimann, north of Schwabing. All our regional stations are linked by cables, and each night of the week a different station produces the main programme for all of them: Munich perhaps on Monday, Cologne on Tuesday, Hamburg on Wednesday, and so on. But you in England are ahead of us in ideas, writing, and experience.'

Liesl had hoped her father would forget to take the travellers to the Bavaria statue, erected a hundred years ago as Bavaria's emblem, but always when showing friends around the town, he saw that they did not miss this monument. This meant that they all had to climb right up into the head of the enormous metal figure. The Watkins family, however, found the exertion well worth while. From the eyes of the statue the view across the whole of Munich was wonderful, and the glimpse of the Alps with their snow-capped peaks in the far distance was like a fascinating mirage.

'The only time of the year you like coming to this part of the town is in autumn, isn't that so?' Herr Lechner said to Liesl. She nodded. 'Don't you, father? You went half a dozen times last year!' They both laughed.

'We're talking about the *Oktoberfest*', Herr Lechner explained. 'See this large free space right under the Bavaria? It's called Theresienwiese. You wouldn't recognize it in a few weeks' time. Then it will have turned into one vast sea of tents and booths, large and small; or rather into a separate town with seven wide avenues of its own. It's the greatest of all German folk festivals, originally a jovial Bavarian king's special show for the people of Munich to celebrate the wedding of the Crown Prince in 1810. Now it's a gigantic fair which no one living south of the Danube would miss for anything. It starts towards the middle of September with a colourful pageant of dozens of bands in native costume and the magnificent horse-drawn drays of the Bavarian breweries, headed by the Münchner Kindl, the symbol of Munich: a childlike figure of a little monk with outstretched arms. Then the people

of Munich and Upper Bavaria pour into the festival town with its elaborate tent façades, usually the work of well-known architects, its thousands of tables for eating and drinking, its innumerable merry-go-rounds and giant wheels and swings and switch-back railways and side-shows, and above all, its ear-splitting rhapsody of noise. Last year the *Oktoberfest* visitors drank two million quarts of beer and devoured 900,000 roast chickens, half a million pork sausages and sixteen oxen roasted on the spit within two weeks. Yes, we can stow away quite a lot in Bavaria!

'And don't forget our *Fasching*', said Liesl.

'Yes—that's the other season when we do more merry-making in Munich than other towns in a century', laughed Herr Lechner while they began to descend down the hollow Bavaria. 'It's our carnival, beginning strictly on Twelfth-night and ending on Shrove Tuesday, sharp at midnight when the fasting period before Easter begins. Our *Fasching* is one long series of costume balls, public and private, music and dancing, eating and drinking, processions of carnival figures and costumed people, election of Prinz Fasching and his Prinzessin, and an enormous amount of confetti-throwing. On Ash Wednesday we have, I think, the greatest consumption of aspirin and other hangover medicines per head anywhere in the world! What a pity the tourist season lies between the *Fasching* and the *Oktoberfest*; our visitors are bound to miss a lot of what we call the real Munich—*Münchner Gemütlichkeit*.'

In the afternoon, Ginger complained of a slight headache, and Jim—normally not given to such things—also felt some pressure on the top of his skull. Frau Lechner set Mr Watkins, who had begun to worry, completely at ease by explaining that it was the *Föhn*, and that an hour's rest would help the children to get over it.

'It's a funny thing, that *Föhn*', she told him. 'Meteorologists aren't quite sure how it originates, and why it affects most of all southern Bavaria. Probably it's the continuation of a sirocco, the African desert wind, travelling across Italy, then rising over the Alps and giving us headaches with its moist and sultry air. It has a most depressing effect on some people; others hardly notice this *Föhnwetter*.'

It was Liesl's idea to spend the last evening of the Watkinses' Munich visit at Nymphenburg, the Bavarian princes' eighteenth-century summer palace set in a splendid park—a smaller and less pompous Versailles. She had managed to get tickets to one of the chamber-music concerts which are held every summer in Nymphenburg's ball-room.

The lovely rococo hall was filled to the last seat as the musicians walked in with their violins, violas, and 'cellos. The light of a hundred flickering candles was reflected from many mirrors and gilt ornaments. You could have heard a pin drop the moment before the strings struck up the first bar of Beethoven's *Septett*.

Mr Watkins felt very strongly that this, too, was the real Munich.

Chapter 8

A HOLIDAY IN THE ALPS

PEOPLE WHO WENT to bed in their air-liner berth over England and woke up over America half a day later have been known to complain that they were not 'all there' on arrival, that they felt they had left part of themselves behind and had to wait for it to catch up with them before they could truly say that they had arrived on the other side of the Atlantic. The English travellers had the same feeling after a coach journey of an hour and a half from Munich to the Tegernsee. They had started from a busy, noisy metropolitan square at ten o'clock in the morning; now, with still some time to go before there would be any lunch, they found themselves in the midst of alpine scenery. High mountains rose on every side; there was a large, blue lake fringed by typical Bavarian country houses, with overhanging eaves, flower-covered balconies all round, and wooden beams carrying the upper floor and the roof. Soft green meadows, dotted with poppies and dandelion, extended to the edge of the dark pine forest which reached half-way up the mountains, giving way to moss and naked rock towards the top. There was no sound except the low notes of the cows and their bells occasionally mingling with those coming from one of the tall, pointed church steeples, the humming of bees and the grating of crickets.

Every year the Lechners, like many other people from Munich, spent their holidays near that lovely alpine lake, which was the traditional summer residence of many artists, actors, and writers. You could rent a room on the promenade of, say, Rottach or Egern, to be in a fashionable holiday centre; or you could choose accommodation in the cheaper and quieter surroundings, such as the area along a little brook, the Weissach, with its old-fashioned farms. It was here that the Lechners spent a fortnight

every year, in a disused mill on the grounds of a farm. They always had the use of two rooms—one of them being a combined kitchen and common room—but now they had taken the remaining two rooms on the upper floor as well so that their English friends could live with them. As usual, the holiday guests would cater for themselves and cook their own meals, which made them independent and was not so expensive as full board in a hotel or boarding-house; Kathi, the daughter of the farm owners, the Rittlingers, did the 'charring', and Pepi, their youngest son—he was about Jim's age—came every day with the milk, fresh from the dairy, and the vegetables, fresh from the garden.

The rooms had thick walls, small windows, and a very low ceiling. There were, of course, tiled stoves with benches running along two sides so that you could warm yourself properly in winter. The furniture was simple, of hefty oakwood, and the beds so soft that one had to climb uphill when getting out of them in the morning; they had enormously thick eiderdown quilts and pillows.

The Rittlingers welcomed their guests most cordially and seemed very proud to have people from as far as England staying at their mill. Jim, who was sure that he had mastered the German language by now, was most put out when he discovered that he did not understand a word the Rittlingers were saying, while Liesl and Walter were able to talk to them in their heavy Bavarian dialect. He resolved, however, to master Bavaria's country dialect too, and made a mental note of the first word for his vocabulary, the general greeting: '*Sgohd*', being an abbreviated form of *Grüss Gott* (Liesl and Walter, like most people in Munich, used the Latin greeting *Servus*).

The first meal was provided by the Rittlingers, since Frau Lechner had not had time to cook lunch. It was a proper Bavarian country meal, *Schmorbraten mit Knödel*, a beef joint stewed whole in the saucepan, with a sauce made of sour cream, and enormous, round dumplings made of cooked and shredded potatoes. Dumplings, said Frau Lechner, were the form in which the true Bavarians preferred their potatoes.

After lunch, the four youngsters took their bathing-suits and went down to the *Badeanstalt* on the lake, a wooden structure

with cabins where they left their clothes. Jim, being the senior male of the group, made a determined descent down the little ladder into the water—and was out of it again a second later!

'Gosh', he said, taken completely by surprise, 'I didn't know it was *that* cold!'

Liesl and Walter couldn't help laughing. 'You looked so funny', said Liesl. 'But I should have warned you. We are used to these cold alpine lakes. You see, most of their water comes from melting snow and ice in the mountains; so it's often as cold as 15 to 17 degrees Celsius.'

'That's Greek to me', said Jim. 'What does it mean in ordinary degrees?'

'*Ordinary* degrees? You mean you don't use the Celsius thermometer in England—the centigrade system, with zero being the freezing point and a hundred being the boiling point?'

'No', Jim admitted, 'Our freezing point is 32 degrees. It's called the Fahrenheit thermometer. I think it was a German who invented it, so I thought you'd use his system in Germany!'

'Funny—but we got our thermometer from a Swede called Celsius', said Liesl. 'I wonder why you English people make everything so complicated, money and thermometer and weights and measures—'

'You come to England and then you'll understand', said Jim, somewhat evasively. 'But I wish someone could tell me how much fifteen degrees means in Fahrenheit!'

'I can', said Ginger, to everybody's surprise. 'Dad told me. It's quite simple. Multiply by 9, divide by 5 and add 32. And if you want to turn Fahrenheit into centigrades, do it the other way round: deduct 32, multiply by 5 and divide by 9.'

'Stop, Gin! Now let me try: 9 times 15 is 135, divided by 5 is . . . is . . . just a minute . . . 27, plus 32 is 59. Fifty-nine? Brrr—'

And he started again to descend into the water, a hero from tip to frozen toe.

Mr Watkins and the Lechner parents were trying to keep up some kind of holiday routine: walks in the morning, bathing and rowing in the afternoon, a stroll and a little reading in the evening.

But they were constantly at loggerheads with the young generation who wanted to 'do things'. Eventually, Liesl was put in charge of the youngsters, who worked out their own day-by-day programme. When the wind was not too strong they rented a small sailing-boat, guaranteed not to throw them overboard; the people at the *Badeanstalt*, to whom it belonged, had nicknamed it *Bügeleisen*, the flat-iron. Jim thought he was quite a good sailor but he had to learn that these Bavarian mountain lakes were treacherous, with sudden gusts of wind from unexpected directions.

'You must do some mountaineering now you're in the Alps', Liesl told her English friends. They started with an easy peak, the Riederstein, overlooking the lake and presenting a magnificent view of the mountain chains to the south, towards Austria. Then Liesl insisted on taking Mr Watkins and Jim up to the 5,700 foot Wallberg. Jim thought it was a good idea, and they started very early next morning.

After three hours' climbing over steep mountain paths, Jim wasn't sure whether the idea was really as good as all that. Mr Watkins suggested a rest, which Liesl granted grudgingly. She was one of those sturdy athletic girls who seem to thrive on Bavarian soil better than anywhere else in Germany.

Another long climb brought them to the plateau, where they found a fair-sized *Gasthaus* full of tourists of all ages, tucking away great masses of food to replenish their muscle-power. Jim felt hungrier than he had felt in all his life. After lunch, they climbed to the summit of the Wallberg, enjoying the view on all sides—towards the Inn valley, the Zugspitze, the Salzkammergut, and the Bavarian plateau to the north, where the steeples of the Frauenkirche could be seen through the telescope. The crowd on the Wallberg was cheerful and noisy; some had brought their *Klumpfen*, or guitars, the standard musical instrument of the young German rambler, and sang folk-songs—not all of them with refined lyrics.

The young mountaineers could have used the aerial ropeway for the descent, but Liesl scorned the idea, much as it appealed to Jim. 'That wouldn't be sportsmanlike', she declared, and down they marched under their own steam. 'Never mind', said Mr Watkins, 'I've got an idea we'll go by some such vehicle yet.'

The next day the holiday-makers went to an open-air *Trachtenfest* on the Schliersee, the neighbouring lake. The *Trachten*, or national costumes, were not merely a matter of display in Bavaria, but the everyday dress of the people. For the *Fest*, however, they brought out their specially decorated and embroidered Sunday costumes; the lads wore leather shorts, knee stockings, braces and hats, all with a wealth of ornaments, and the girls were in colourful wide dirndl skirts and tightly-laced bodices. A brass band played traditional dances, which seemed to make the musicians terribly thirsty, for their enormous *Masskrüge*, or beer steins, which they kept under their chairs, had to be filled incessantly.

The climax of the dancing was the *Schuhplattler*, executed by several couples of dancers in waltz rhythm. The *Buam* clapped their hands, thighs, backs, and shoes—and sometimes each other's cheeks—in a complicated rhythmical pattern, while the *Dirndl* turned on the spot, their wide skirts rotating as multi-coloured circles, waiting to be swung round and in the air by their partners. In between, the dancers uttered yelps not unlike cowboys, sounding like 'Yuhoo!' The *Schuhplattler* roused everybody's enthusiasm. Then a woman singer with a rather full figure gave a yodelling performance, in a remarkably powerful voice and with special technique, which cannot be learned by people not born and bred in the mountains. Herr Lechner said that in his opinion the origin of this strange way of singing was the necessity of communicating from one mountain to the next, across the valley.

Suddenly a few raindrops began to fall, and within a minute they had thickened into a terrific downpour. Lightning flashed across the darkening sky, and the echo of the thunder rolled in volleys from mountain to mountain. A thunderstorm in the Alps was something that had to be experienced to be believed! Ginger felt like saying her prayers; she was quite pale, and started at each flash of lightning, waiting for the terrible thunder to crash into the valley.

The crowd which had attended the *Trachtenfest* filled all the available rooms in the restaurants and beer-cellars, waiting for the storm to subside so that they could make their way home. The musicians had taken refuge in the hall where the Lechners and

Watkinses had found seats, and soon the Bavarian *Gemütlichkeit* reasserted itself.

When the storm had died down at last the party from the Tegernsee took the dangerously overloaded bus home. It was still raining—and would continue to do so for several days, explained Liesl. She knew her mountains. 'But we shan't stay for more than three days', said Jim sadly.

As it turned out, the rain did not spoil these last three days completely. The Lechners had brought their *Lodenmäntel*, those indispensable implements of a Bavarian holiday: dark green or black capes with hoods, made of a very coarse felted cloth which soaked up the rain but did not let it get through. The Rittlingers lent their English guests three old *Lodenmäntel*, and the whole party actually enjoyed walking through the wet forests, where the air was deliciously fresh. The view, however, was not what it used to be, for the clouds were hanging so low that nothing was visible above, say, five hundred feet. But the cafés all presented a 'view' that appealed to Ginger; a wonderful variety of *Torten*—layer cakes with fruit cream, chocolate cream, iced fruit, and other delicacies. Ginger would have sampled them all if Mr Watkins had not stopped her for her own sake and that of his budget, for the price—with a generous helping of whipped cream—was at least one mark, or 1s. 9d., a piece. Jim preferred the ice-cream specialities, his favourite being *Eisschokolade*, also with a fair-sized whipped-cream top.

For the second rainy evening, Herr Lechner booked tickets for the *Bauerntheater*, the local semi-professional theatre whose performers all had their farms in the Tegernsee region. Mr Watkins expressed some doubts as to whether their acting would come up to the standard of Herr Lechner's *Kammerspiele*. After all, they were only farmers!

'You're quite wrong there', said Herr Lechner. 'First of all—play-acting is in the blood of every Bavarian, that's what I firmly believe. Just see how Bavarians relish telling you a story, dramatizing it, embroidering it, playing it out! And especially the peasants: they are born actors. This little stage has its own tradition; Ludwig Thoma, Bavaria's great humorous writer, founded it fifty years ago and wrote a number of his best plays for it, plays

that are still performed in many other theatres, but I'm sure nowhere as brilliantly as here. You'll see two short Thoma comedies to-night.'

Mr Watkins had to admit that Lechner was right. To be sure, neither he nor Jim or Ginger could understand very much of the dialogue in the local dialect, but the acting was outstanding, the timing of the 'lines' and gags was perfect, and the characterization excellent: after all, most of the characters were types the players knew well enough from their own daily lives. There was, for instance, the peasant M.P. travelling to the capital first-class for the session of the Diet, and entering into a heated dispute with a high official from Prussia; or the farmer's family having an indescribable upheaval when the king visits the village, and someone has filched Father's trouser-buttons. . . . The English travellers laughed as much as the Lechners.

It was still raining the day before the Watkins family had to leave. The four youngsters sat all the afternoon together, talking about innumerable things, asking hundreds of questions about each other's lives. Liesl wanted to know what Ginger's and Jim's house was like, and Walter tried to get an idea of their schools. Jim had decided to find out all about school for the duration of his holidays, but he found he knew nothing about German school life. What was it like?

Liesl explained. 'I think our system is somewhat different from yours. We have three very distinct types of schools—the *Volkschule*, or elementary school, the *Mittelschule*, which you'd call secondary school, and the *Höhere Schule*, something like our Public School. But you don't live in a *Höhere Schule*. I go to one myself.'

'So do I', Walter declared proudly.

'But aren't you too young?' asked Ginger.

'Not at all. I have just finished the first year. I'll be in the second when school starts again in September. I'm in the Max-Gymnasium.'

'The *Gymnasium*—but that isn't a proper school, it's a hall for gymnastics!'

'No, it's not', laughed Walter. 'My, you have funny ideas! I'm learning Latin, and later Greek and English. *Amo, amas, amat*. . .'

'All right, all right, you shining light! You only had a 3 in Latin in your report! Now please let me explain to Jim. You see, our school age begins at 6, and all boys and girls have to stay in the *Volksschule* for at least four years. After that there are quite a number of possibilities. If you're not the studying type, or if your people rely on you to make money at the earliest possible moment you just stay on at the *Volksschule* until you're 14, and then become an apprentice or something in a trade.'

'And no more school at all? In England every apprentice can go to some vocational school, and the boss must give him time off.'

'Yes, we've got the same system. As a matter of fact, he must go to a *Berufsschule* at least once or twice a week, and extend his knowledge of the trade he has chosen, and learn something about technical and commercial things. These schools, by the way, are run by the local authorities, but the *Volksschulen* are run by the State.'

'Gracious me, Liesl', said Ginger, 'how do you know all these things?'

'cause she wants to be a teacher, the old noodle', said Walter, and ducked when Liesl hit out at him. 'Stop, teacher, don't you know you mustn't beat a pupil? It's against the law.'

Kathi Rittlinger interrupted the tussle by bringing four soup plates with *Gsteckelte*, as she called it—thick sour milk, the Bavarian variety of yoghurt, with sugar and cinnamon on top. She was asked what she wanted to be when she finished school in a year's time. She blushed. '*Eine Schauspielerin*', she said and rushed out.

'You never know', said Jim, 'next time we come here we may see her really as an actress in the *Bauerntheater*. Or she'll have married one of the lads we saw doing the *Schuhplattler* dance. Anyway, I don't think Kathi's the type that would go in for a lot of studying. Tell me, Liesl, do you have to pay fees in your schools?'

'No, the government has done away with all school fees. In some of the German *Länder* and towns you even get your school-books and stationery free. But I wanted to tell you about the possibilities you have when you've decided to stay on at the

elementary school until you're 14. You can go to the *Mittelschule* or *Realschule*, as it is called in some parts of Germany. In Bavaria you can do three more years in that school, and prepare yourself for a good commercial or technical career until you are about 17. In other parts of Germany you can cut short your *Volksschule* when you're 12 or 13, and change over to the *Mittelschule*—provided you pass the entrance exam.'

'Now tell me about your *höhere Schule*—your *Gymnasium*.'

'It's for the brainy ones like me', said Walter.

Liesl did not deem this worthy of a reply. 'The *Gymnasium* is, in fact, the link between the *Volksschule* and the *Hochschule*—the university', she went on. 'There are two kinds. Walter goes to the *humanistische Gymnasium*, where the humanities are taught, as the name says: the old classic languages, English as the principal modern foreign language, and French a voluntary subject—it used to be the other way round, French first and English only for those who wanted it, but English seems more important since the war.'

'And the other kind of *Gymnasium*?' asked Ginger.

'That's the one where I go, the *Realgymnasium*. We don't learn Greek, but Latin, English, and French as obligatory subjects. There is also a little more emphasis on the natural science subjects than in the *humanistische Gymnasium*: physics, chemistry, mathematics.'

'What about Bible classes?'

'Religion? Well, it's an ordinary subject like any other, with about two hours per week. The Roman Catholics, which means the vast majority in Southern Bavaria, and the Protestants who are in the majority in Northern Bavaria, each have their own teachers. There are various forms of religious instruction in the various German *Länder*; in some of them there is only a kind of ethical teaching, in others there are courses in biblical history. It's a rather controversial subject among teachers and parents and churches and politicians, you know—like so many things in Germany. You mustn't forget that we have no State religion like your established church.' Liesl looked terribly wise: it was her pet subject.

'How long do you go to your *Gymnasium*?' Jim wanted to know.

'Nine years, all told . . . that is, eight in some of the *Länder*. When we've finished we're 18 or 19.'

'Is there some kind of final exam., like our higher school certificate?'

'Yes, it's called *Abitur* in Southern Germany and *Matura* in the north; it gives you the right to enrol at a university. Quite stiff, by the way. It makes me shudder to think of it!'

'It's a complicated school system', said Jim, 'nearly as complicated as our own. I wonder why no one ever thought of making the whole thing simpler and more uniform!'

'Oh yes, there are a lot of people who advocate the *Einheitschule*, the unity school. It's already introduced in Berlin and Eastern Germany. It covers the whole period from 6 to 18 years, and after the first few years you can choose your class from a variety of curricula. We have a few schools of this type. Personally, I'm all for it—there's a lot of snobbishness in the old system.'

'What games do you play at school?'

'None at all, really. We have a couple of P.T. classes per week, and a voluntary football or *Deutschnball* afternoon—but the rest is up to us, and the school takes no hand in our sports activities.'

'What, no games master? But tell me: how long is your school day? And do you get meals at school?'

'No, we don't get meals at school—except the smaller children in some of the *Volksschulen*, where they get mid-morning milk and buns. You see, our school day finishes at one o'clock. We start at eight in the morning.'

'Oh, but that's much less school per week than we get!' exclaimed Ginger.

'Is it? I wonder. We go to school on Saturdays, too—that makes it thirty hours per week. And there's plenty of homework—enough for two or three hours every afternoon if you do it properly!'

Mr Watkins came into the room. 'What about packing, you two? We're going to start quite early to-morrow morning.'

The farewell from the Lechners was prolonged and affectionate. Again and again everybody squeezed everybody's hands—the English travellers had by now got used to the Continental hand-

shake, which is a *must* whenever people meet or part. Jim even went one better and kissed Frau Lechner's hand, a chivalrous greeting between lady and gentleman still very much in use in Bavaria and the countries that once belonged to the Habsburg monarchy. 'She'll like that very much', Liesl had told him. Frau Lechner was indeed delighted. '*Ein richtiger kleiner Kavaller!*' she exclaimed, patting Jim's head.

Mr Watkins took his friend Anton Lechner into a corner. 'Look here', he said, 'you must come to England next year. I don't know how I'm going to put up the lot of you, but you simply have to come. Besides it would be such a pity not to let the youngsters get together again. Promise you'll come?'

'Thanks, Ken', said Herr Lechner. 'I don't need much persuasion—and neither do the youngsters. I don't know about Minna; she'll miss her Tegernsee. Well, we'll see. So it's *Auf Wiedersehen*, not *Adieu*!'

'*Auf Wiedersehen . . . auf Wiedersehen!*' echoed the chorus of young voices as the post-bus stopped to pick up the three Watkinses. 'And do write! *Schreibt uns! Und fröhliche Ferien!* Happy holidays!'

'*Auf Wiedersehen!* And thanks for everything!'

The bus moved on, and at the very last moment Kathi Rittlinger came running across the meadow, holding a small parcel in her hand, which she thrust into Mr Watkins's fingers at the bus window. '*An schönen Gruass vom Vatta!*' she cried. '*Den ham mir selber gmacht!*'

Mr Watkins thanked her. What could it be that the Rittlingers had made themselves? They opened the parcel. There was a small bottle in it. He pulled out the cork stopper and had a whiff.

'Ah!' he said. 'Love—ly——!'

It was home-made *Kräuterschnaps*, a Bavarian speciality—first brewed in the Middle Ages by the monks; now many farmers have their own recipes, which, they assert, are much better than the stuff sold in the shops. This bottle had, indeed, the fragrance of a thousand and one herbs, and the recipe must have been among the best. Jim and Ginger were allowed a tiny taste. 'I don't want you two to come back to Hendon as a couple of drunks', he said. 'By the way, talking of going back——'

'Ooooh', said Ginger.

'Well, we've got to face it. No holiday lasts for ever; and if it did it wouldn't be a holiday. There's a very true proverb in German—I think it's a quotation from Goethe's *Faust*: "*Nichts ist schwerer zu ertragen als eine Reihe von schönen Tagen*"—nothing is harder to bear than a succession of beautiful days.'

'I could bear a few more', said Jim.

'There will be a few more', said his father. 'But only a few. That's just the point. I went again over our time-table last night when you were asleep. Do you know that we've only got eleven days left before we have to be back? We stayed longer with the Lechners than I had calculated. We need one day to get back to England; so that leaves us with ten days for what we still want to see in Germany.'

'I suppose you want to cut out one or two things,' said Jim.

'Ooooh', said Ginger again.

'Either cut out, or telescope', said Mr Watkins. 'I mean we have to do an express tour of South-Western and Western Germany. No leisurely promenades. No side-tracking. Sleep only if we have to. But I doubt if Ginger could stand that pace.'

'Look, Dad, I'm nearly 12', said Ginger. 'You're treating me as if I were a kid of 11!'

'It's O.K. with me', said Jim. 'We can sleep enough at home. What are we here for? Let me see the map, Dad.'

And so the Watkins tour gathered speed.

The bus nearly circled the Tegernsee—permitting the travellers a last look at the lake, the pointed steeples, and the mountains from which the clouds were slowly lifting—and an hour later they were back on the river Isar. But now it was its upper reach where they met it, at Bad Tölz, the traditional starting-place of the huge rafts made up of felled trees, which the lumbermen steer to Munich where they sell the timber. Ginger, with her feminine eye, caught the small but interesting differences between the dirndl costumes of the Tegernsee-Schliersee district and those she saw in the gay, colourful streets of Bad Tölz, with their whitewashed façades under the traditional overhanging roofs. The rain had stopped completely, and the sun came out.

The next town where the bus stopped was little Benediktbeuern, grouped around Bavaria's oldest monastery, founded more than 1,200 years ago by the monks of St Benedictus. After a few more miles a small lake appeared behind the tall fir-trees along the road, the Kochelsee. It looked idyllic and very secluded. But suddenly the road led up steeply into the mountains, and after a few hairpin bends another lake appeared, much bigger and gloomier, the Walchensee.

'Now look', said Mr Watkins. The wood ended, and there were the thick pipes of an enormous hydro-electric power station, leading almost vertically down from the Walchensee to the Kochelsee.

'This is Bavaria's great reservoir of energy', their father told them. 'All the electricity she needs for her trains and factories and lamps comes from the bottomless Walchensee. It's the deepest lake of the Alps, and there are some old superstitions about it. Its name, for instance, is supposed to be derived from the word *Wal*, or whale—and a huge specimen is said to be lying dormant in it. When it is roused it will make such a terrific splash that the whole Upper Bavarian plateau will be flooded; and that will be the end of Munich!'

'That's nonsense, of course, isn't it?' asked Ginger, viewing the dark green water of the Walchensee somewhat suspiciously.

'Well, there's a much better and more interesting explanation of the name of the lake', said Mr Watkins. 'The Bavarians were originally a Celtic race, and the people here in the Alps are Celtic types now, as you can see—dark-haired, stocky, round-headed, medium-sized. They must have been pushed south by the Germanic tribes during the great migration. These tribes probably called the lake *Welschensee*, the lake of the Celts; for *welsch* means Celtic, Gaelic, in short, foreign; the southerners, especially the Italians and Frenchmen, were given that name by the Germans in the Middle Ages.'

'It hasn't anything to do with the Welsh, has it?' asked Jim.

'Of course it has—and that's the interesting point about it. Just as the Germans called the Bavarian Celts *welsch*, so the Germanic Saxons called the people of Wales Welsh, meaning foreigners! And the words Celtic, Gaelic, Gaul are all related to

that word. So you see, language roots can stretch right from the Walchensee to Aberystwyth.'

Higher and higher rose the mountains right and left of the road. The bus reached its southernmost point at Mittenwald, close to the Austrian border, famous all over the world for its wonderful violins and its carved little figures of the Holy Family and the Saints: these peasants know how to use their skill, and their magnificent raw material, in the long winter months when the snow lies waist-deep on the fields and lanes.

Turning to the west again, the post-bus meandered its way into a wide, green valley with a sprawling double town at the foot of Germany's highest mountain, the 10,000-foot Zugspitze. There is a unique combination of the fashionable and the traditional about Garmisch-Partenkirchen: holidaymakers in summer and sportsmen in winter have made it an international health resort, an Olympic games centre, and a playground for tourists from many countries; but next to the smart streamlined hotels peasant life goes on as it has for centuries, the last word in sun-bathing or ski costumes rubbing shoulders, as it were, with the beautiful, traditional *Trachten* of the Werdenfeller Land, and elegant shops doing their trade only a stone's-throw from untamed, torrential waterfalls which have cut gorges right through hundreds of feet of sheer rock.

True to their decision to speed up the pace of their tour, the Watkins family wanted to stay only for a meal and take the *Alpenpost* coach, also run by the German Federal Post Office, to Lake Constance. But the next bus did not leave before eight in the morning, and Jim was quick enough to remind his father that he still owed him a trip on an aerial ropeway. 'Surely there is one here, Dad', he said.

Mr Watkins thought it over for a minute, then he went into the Information kiosk. Two minutes later he emerged, holding three tickets. 'Come on, quick!' he cried. 'We're just in time!'

'I'm hungry', said Ginger, but she ran along with Jim, following their father on his dash through the crowded streets.

'You won't be any more when you know where we're going!' he shouted back without turning his head.

She understood what he meant when he led the way into a

small railway station with the words *Zugspitzbahn* over its entrance. There was just time to climb into the single wagon behind the powerful electric locomotive, and off went the train—up into the mountains, towards the frightening, snowy peak of the Zugspitze!

The railway, working on the principle of a cog rail and wheel, is a marvel of technical ingenuity. First it climbs slowly through the forest to the romantic little lake above Garmisch-Partenkirchen, the Eibsee, which is the scene of some of the best skating in winter; then the line inclines steeply, tunnel follows tunnel, and it emerges onto a large plateau halfway up the mountain—the Schneefernerplatt, Germany's finest ski-ing ground. Here the travellers had to change to a *Schwebebahn*, or suspended railway, for the last stage of the journey. It took them almost vertically up along the jagged, naked rock, to a height of 9,700 feet, very nearly to the peak of the Zugspitze.

Ginger did not even look at the large restaurant a few yards from the terminus of the *Schwebebahn*. Like Mr Watkins and Jim, she was all eyes, taking in a view which she was not likely ever to enjoy again. From the gallery running around the plateau they saw the summit of the mountain, looking quite near, but terribly hard to climb—rugged rock and snow, snow all around. Where they were standing, the rocks dropped vertically for a thousand feet or more. A few Alpine giants to the right and left looked like harmless hills from this height; but towards the south, the most magnificent scenery made this trip an unforgettable experience. As far as they could see, there extended an ocean of mountains—green and grey like the ocean waves, white like the foam of the surf. Jim thought: for years we've been talking at school in geography lessons about the Alps; but who would have expected to see them in all their real splendour?

Chapter 9

NINE CROWDED DAYS

TIME. . . . What a strange, mysterious, evasive thing it is!

You get up in the morning, have your breakfast, go to your office or school or factory, come home in the evening, have your dinner, and go to bed. One day has passed and you've hardly noticed it. And another day. And yet another. Seven, eight, nine days. Then you look back. What has happened in those nine days? Nothing, or next to nothing . . . as though that time had never been.

But one day you may find yourself on the top of the Zugspitze. Nine days later, you are stepping out of a train in London. What has happened in those nine days? Everything. Enough to fill a whole series of evenings when you are trying to tell your story to someone who wants to know what you've been doing; as, for instance, Jim and Ginger tried to tell their mother back home in Hendon.

The funny thing was that up to that day on the Zugspitze the story of their journey across Germany was more or less coherent. But then the 'express' part of it began; and they found that those nine days had been almost too crowded to sort them out sensibly. Time and place, people and sights—all came out of their minds and mouths like coloured bricks from the box of a construction set.

'Children, children! Please!' said Mrs Watkins. 'I can't make head or tail of your stories. Your father thought you'd be able to make it intelligible. I suppose we have to call him in. Ken', she called, 'do come, and please bring a map, and your snaps!'

'Can't I have one hour's peace and quiet in my own house?' grumbled Mr Watkins from behind his desk. 'I've got to write this talk for to-morrow.' But he brought his map and spread it out on the floor in the semicircle of chairs around the—as yet empty—

fireplace. He gave Jim the crumpled sheet of their itinerary, and Ginger a packet of snapshots, to be produced at the relevant moments of the narrative. 'Now let's tackle this story with German thoroughness and British ingenuity!' he smiled.

'Oh, look, the castle of the mad king!' cried Ginger, showing her mother one of the photographs.

'Ginger, you're hopeless—there you go again', said Mother.

'As a matter of fact, Neuschwanstein was the first stop on our journey with the *Alpenpost* coach from Garmisch-Partenkirchen to Lake Constance', said Mr Watkins. 'Ludwig II built it high up on a hill in the Ailgäu mountains. Richard Wagner's *Parsifal* inspired the half-mad king to design this shining white castle with its innumerable turrets and pinnacles, towering like a mirage over the dark forests. He called it his citadel of the Holy Grail.'

'I know a German word for this sort of thing—*Kitsch*,' said Mrs Watkins. 'A terrific aberration of taste. It should go into the Chamber of Aesthetic Horrors next to the Albert Memorial.'

'Poor man, he ended by throwing himself into the Starnberger Lake, dragging down his physician-in-ordinary with him.'

'And do you remember the *Spätzle* at the restaurant in Füssen, when we came down from the castle?' asked Jim. 'The national dish of Swabia. Can you cook them, Mother? It's only little blobs of dough, boiled in water. They eat them with everything, meat and sausage, and they have a special *Spätzlesuppe*. . . .'

'I liked the Swabians', said Ginger. 'They've got a great sense of humour. You know, they don't mind at all that they have a reputation like the wise men of Gotham.'

'Yes. And there's a saying that they haven't much brain before the age of forty—the Swabian Age. But it's not true. Do you remember those lovely Swabian folksongs they sang at the inn in Immenstadt? You nearly cried, Gin, because they were so sad.'

'Oh, we forgot all about Oberammergau', said Mr Watkins. 'I suppose I've caught your grasshopper mind. We went through it soon after we'd left Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Where's my snap of the Festspielhaus? Here, you see, that's where they perform their famous Passion Play every ten years, with the local peasants as actors. And we saw wonderful wood-carvings made by the villagers.'

'Now let me get this right', said Mrs Watkins. 'Oberammergau is still in Bavaria, isn't it? Then you entered Swabia. I'm not very good at geography. Is it one of the German *Länder* like Bavaria?'

'No, dear', explained Mr Watkins. 'It's more an ethnographical term than a geographical one, though in the Middle Ages Swabia was a sovereign State under a duke. Now the country is partly Bavarian, and partly belongs to the *Land* Baden-Württemberg, extending from Augsburg to the Black Forest and from Franconia to the Swiss frontier. The Swabians are the largest of what was once called the Alemannic tribes—the French called the whole of Germany *Allemagne* after them.'

'Did you see Stuttgart, the capital of Württemberg? And Ulm with its famous *Münster*, Germany's second-largest cathedral? And Tübingen, the old university town with memories of Melanchthon, Luther's comrade-in-arms, and of the poets Hauff and Uhland?' asked Mrs Watkins. 'Don't look at me as though I were a living encyclopaedia. It's the only part of Germany I know, to tell you the truth. I spent a holiday there many years ago—long before your father and I met.'

'I thought it would be sufficient if one of the family knew those parts', laughed Mr Watkins, 'so we skirted around them. Seriously, we just didn't have the time. But I should have liked to show Jim that characteristic form of economic life around Stuttgart—small-holdings and highly specialized industrial enterprises, mostly light engineering. You don't find this combination anywhere else in Germany. However, we had to move on.' He pointed to the map. 'We arrived on the Bodensee here, at Lindau—'

'Lindau, oh wasn't it lovely!' cried Ginger. 'You know, it's on an island in the lake, and there are only two bridges to the shore. We arrived on the night when they had their Lake Festival with fireworks and coloured lights and illuminated ships and music and dancing on the promenade—'

'Did you know that the Bavarians have a lion as their symbol, just like England?' asked Jim. 'Just look at the map, Mother. Lindau is the south-western tip of Bavaria; it's near the point where Germany and Austria and Switzerland meet. And there's a big, fierce-looking lion at the entrance of the harbour—just like the one outside Waterloo Station!'

'Mother, have you ever slept in a water tower?' asked Ginger. 'Of course you haven't. Jim and I wanted to see the youth hostel at Constance—it's a big town on the lake, and that's why it's called Lake Constance, but the Germans call it Bodensee. Well, the hostel is in the water tower of Constance! It was lovely to stay there overnight on the top floor—you could see right across the lake. It's got its own swimming beach.'

'It's even got its own dark-room', said Mr Watkins. 'The hostel warden let me develop my films there—see, that's the tower——'

'I thought it was the leaning tower of Pisa', said Mrs Watkins, scrutinizing the snapshot.

'Poor old Dad', said Jim. 'He couldn't get a berth at the youth hostel, of course, so he had to cram himself into a boarding-house bed which was much too small for him. That's why the snap he took next morning is a bit crooked. Isn't it, Dad?'

'At least they let me have breakfast with you', said Mr Watkins. 'They had the loveliest black rye-bread I ever tasted.'

'You know people don't eat toast for breakfast in Germany', said Ginger, food being her special cue. 'It's always black bread, but I like it when it's fresh. I wasn't very keen on their jam, and they can't make tea.'

'When in Rome do as the Romans do', said Mrs Watkins. 'They can make coffee, can't they?'

'Better than we, to be sure', said Mr Watkins, 'except you, of course.'

'And I learnt one or two Swabian songs', said Ginger. 'For instance this one—it makes fun of the old railways:

"Ouf de schwübische Eisebahne. . . ."

Her performance was interrupted. The door opened, and Tommy appeared in his pale-blue pyjamas. 'Mummy', he complained, 'I can't sleep wiv all that noise goin' on.'

'My poor little darling', said Mrs Watkins and hugged him. 'We're really nasty people. I'm so sorry. Now back to bed with you! That's where we're all going now. To-morrow is another day for the second instalment of your travelogue!'

Mr Watkins was not allowed to get back to his letter-writing the next evening. Jim had already sorted the snaps in chronological

order, and spread out the map when the family retired to the drawing-room after dinner. 'I must tell you about the Zeppelin Museum in Friedrichshafen', he said. 'You know, old Count Zeppelin built his airships on Lake Constance so that he could launch them from the water. There aren't any left now. But they must have been funny things, terribly large and clumsy—the aeroplanes put them out of business, I think. They were much too difficult to control, and too dangerous.'

'Dangerous, yes, but funny—I don't know', said his father. 'We didn't think they were funny when they dropped their bombs over London in the first world war. I was very small then, but I can still remember a Zeppelin raid. Almost as frightening as an air-raid in 1940!'

'We saw a gondola of a Zeppelin that had been over England', said Jim. 'And there was an observer basket in the museum—it was let down from the gondola a hundred feet or so, with a man in it. Ugh, I wouldn't have liked to be in it!'

'Dad, when are you going to buy a motor-car?' asked Ginger.

'You've got a grasshopper mind, Gin', said Jim. 'We're talking about Germany now, in case you've forgotten.'

'But so'm I', protested Ginger. 'One of the girls at the hostel told me she had made a lovely camping tour last year with her people. They went from Cologne, where they live, right to the Austrian border with a little car and a caravan—five of them! She said you can camp at two or three hundred places.'

'I may be old-fashioned', said Mrs Watkins, 'but I hate to have to get a kettle full of water for a cup of tea from a place a mile or so away.'

'You're wrong there', said Mr Watkins. 'I've seen a camping-site map of Germany. Most of the sites have drinking-water, and many have inns in the neighbourhood. Usually they're on a lake or river where you can bathe. All we need is a car and a caravan. . . .'

'I've got another idea', Jim chipped in. 'Why not take a couple of collapsible canoes and tour Germany? You can do that quite easily from one end of the country to the other. Wouldn't that be gorgeous? Sleep in a tent on air-beds and go where you like, for instance on the Danube, right from where it starts in Württemberg to——'

'Children, *please*,' said Mrs Watkins, 'can't we finish one journey before we start on another?'

'Sorry, Mother,' said Jim. 'Now here's the next snap: the Black Forest. It really is almost black—huge trees and steep mountains and deep valleys all along the Rhine from Switzerland to Karlsruhe. Here, this is the cathedral at Freiburg, and there's a snap from the Höllental road—a bit frightening, isn't it? The word means Hell Valley. Dad, what was the story you told us about it?'

'Well, that famous road through the Black Forest was built for an Austrian Princess by the name of Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, nearly two centuries ago. She was on her way to marry the French dauphin, afterwards King Louis XVI; and as the great lady could not be expected to travel by circuitous routes a whole army of navvies was put to the task of cutting a road right through the rocks of the Black Forest.'

'She needn't have hurried', reflected Mrs Watkins, 'considering the fate that awaited her in Paris.'

'I hope she had at least a piece of *Kirschtorte* and a glass of *Most* on her way through Freiburg', said Ginger. 'Cherry cake and new wine which doesn't make you drunk', she explained. 'And some Freiburger *Brezeln*—they're only as big as my finger and as thin as a ruler, but wonderfully crisp.'

'Talking about food again', Jim reprimanded her. 'It's much more important that they make those lovely cuckoo clocks in the *Schwarzwald*—that's the German name for Black Forest. And watches and alarm clocks by the millions! We saw one of the villages where all the inhabitants do homework for the local factory, which puts the parts together. They've been doing that for centuries.'

'And then we travelled in the famous *Rheingold Express*', cried Ginger, snatching the photograph of a streamlined train out of Jim's hand. 'It was absolutely tops! Like in a Hollywood film! Built-in cupboards for the luggage, and you couldn't open the windows, and there was a smashing tea-room, and——'

'What's so wonderful about not being able to open the windows?' asked Mrs Watkins.

'Because the whole train is air-conditioned, and the air is filtered before it enters the train so that you don't get sooty',

explained Mr Watkins. 'Yes, it is an exhibition piece of a train, but don't ask me how big a hole it made in our budget', he added with a sigh.

'But why did you go by the *Rheingold Express* then?'

'Because otherwise we would have missed the boat at Mainz, and it would have been such a pity if we couldn't have done that trip down the Rhine', said Mr Watkins. 'So we had to be content with looking at the scenery and towns between Freiburg and Mainz through the window. Fortunately there was a student from Heidelberg at our table in the tea-room, who knew the whole of Baden like his pocket, and told us all kinds of interesting things.'

'For instance that he lost his last month's allowance gambling in the Baden-Baden Casino', said Jim. 'He said he wouldn't go there again even if he grew as old as Methuselah.'

'Still, the town must be quite fascinating for a student of social history', said Mr Watkins. 'All the great names of the turn of the century are in the town's visitors' book—Queen Victoria and King Edward VII, the Tsar of Russia and the German Kaiser, the king of Sweden and Bismarck, Richard Wagner and Bizet, Tolstoy and Gogol and Dostoevsky, Henry Ford and Douglas Fairbanks senior: they all took the waters and enjoyed themselves in what must be something like an enormous hotel hall. Not my cup of tea, though I suppose you'd like to see the annual fashion shows by Dior and Fath, darling!'

'But I wouldn't set foot in the roulette room', smiled Mrs Watkins. 'Well, what else did your Heidelberg friend tell you?'

'A lot about the new Schwarzwald-Halle in Karlsruhe', said Jim. 'He said it is the most modern congress and exhibition hall in Europe and has a roof that slopes towards the middle—it must look quite crazy!'

'And what did he tell you about Heidelberg? If I had my time over again I'd like to study in that famous university town', said Mrs Watkins. 'The whole Neckar valley is lovely—I saw it when I visited Württemberg in the old days. The orchards were in blossom along the famous Bergstrasse. . . .'

'They say that when the trees along the Bergstrasse begin to blossom, spring has come to Germany', said Mr Watkins. 'Like

the town of Heidelberg at its foot it's almost synonymous with *Romantik* to the Germans—and a good many English and American Old Boys of Germany's oldest university. The curious thing is that although not a bomb fell in Heidelberg throughout the second world war its greatest attraction is the ruined castle—blown up by the French in the seventeenth century and finished off by a stroke of lightning a century later. They floodlight it all through the summer. But what our student friend liked most of all is the Great Tun in the Castle vault, a huge wine-barrel with nearly fifty thousand gallons capacity.'

'That reminds me: it's time for our nightcaps', said the lady of the house.

'Did we tell you that the streets in Mannheim don't have names but just numbers?' asked Jim the next evening. 'You live in "A4" or "L7" or something like it.'

'Yes, it's strange how very functional they are in Mannheim, only a few miles from romantic Heidelberg', said his father. 'We could see from the town map how it is laid out in rectangles, just like a box of bricks. It's highly industrialized, just like its twin across the big Rhine bridge, Ludwigshafen. But a few miles down the Rhine again, in the Palatinate, is old Worms, one of Germany's most ancient towns, built by the Romans and fortified by the Burgundians. A pity we couldn't have a closer look at it—and sample some of its famous *Liebfrauenmilch* wine.'

'But we did have a look at Mainz', said Ginger, 'and we saw the famous Bible printed by Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing. I always thought it was Caxton!'

'No, Caxton only brought the invention to England', said Jim. 'We saw a perfect reconstruction of Gutenberg's workshop with his press, type-setting cases and all. The university of Mainz is called after him.'

'It's quite a young university, and an old one at the same time', explained Mr Watkins. 'It was founded in the fifteenth century, but closed after the downfall of Napoleon when the students took too much interest in politics. It was re-opened only in 1946.'

'Look, Mother, here's the boat', said Ginger and thrust a snapshot under Mrs Watkins's nose. It showed a trim, white paddle

steamer with two decks, gaily decorated with flags. 'That's the ship on which we made our trip down the Rhine!'

Mr Watkins brought out a special map of the Rhine. 'It makes my mouth water only to read those names', he smiled, and took a sip at his glass of orangeade. 'Each name the vision of a vintage wine! Rüdesheim, Assmannshausen, Ingelheim, Johannisberg, Nierstein. . . .'

'Stop it, Ken! The children will think you're a drunkard!'

'—and Hochheim', Mr Watkins continued, undismayed, 'the home of the original "hock", which Queen Victoria called by that name—with the unfortunate effect that ever since German white wine has been called "hock" by the English, no matter where it is grown. The true wine-lover, of course, knows the difference—'

'Dad shouldn't drink too much orangeade, it goes to his head', declared Ginger. 'But it *was* a lovely trip, wasn't it? Dozens of medieval castles on the hills right and left, each of them built by a robber knight—'

'And the Loreley! You remember the song by Heine?'

Ginger was quick to take up the cue, and sang lustily:

*'Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
dass ich so traurig bin,
ein Märchen aus uralten Zeiten,
das geht mir nicht aus dem Sinn . . . '*

'And what does it mean?' asked Mrs Watkins. 'My German is a little rusty.'

'It's the story of a lovely maiden combing her golden hair and singing on the top of a hill above the Rhine and getting the poor boatman so confused that he founders on the rocks! I couldn't see the fair lady', said Jim, 'but I admit it's quite a tricky corner of the river, a sharp bend and rocks jutting out into the Rhine at a point where it's quite narrow. It does need some navigation, I should think. That's what must have been the origin of the old legend and Heine's poem.'

'There was a lot of singing on the boat', said Mr Watkins, 'and you have the feeling that the Rhineland is indeed a land of music and art. But let Ginger tell you about the floating theatre in Koblenz!'

'Oh, wasn't that grand! We stayed at Koblenz overnight, and

in the evening Dad took us to a large boat anchored in the Rhine, which was a complete theatre. They show operettas all through the summer; it's a turn-table stage, quite modern. We saw *The White Horse Inn*, and it was almost like Bavaria all over again, though it's actually set in Austria—but the costumes and the dances are very much alike.'

'I hate to mention wine again', said Mr Watkins, laughing, 'but one just can't get away from it in the Rhineland. Koblenz is a very old fortress town at the point where the Moselle flows into the Rhine, so the people there are twice as wine-conscious as their neighbours. They have a complete little village called the Weindorf right in the middle of the town. It's run by the Vintners' Guild, and they elect their own burgomaster. But all that is only the shop-window of a very important and lucrative trade. We saw them working in the vineyards, didn't we—whole families of vintners bringing in the grape harvest.'

'Yes, and pretty hard work it must be. Those boys crushing the grapes in the large vat—do you remember? They seemed to be just as busy as the women picking the grapes, which the men carried up the slope. We saw them on our way from the steamer.'

'How far did you go by boat?' asked Mrs Watkins.

'To Bonn, the capital of the Federal Republic', said Mr Watkins. 'It's a beautiful town, though you can see that it's still a little inexperienced in its role of a capital of a State with a population of fifty million. The old Beethoven House, where the great composer was born, the graceful Town Hall from whose balcony the German-American revolutionary, Carl Schurz, raised the banner of liberty in 1848, the *Alter Zoll*, the bastion high above the Rhine looking towards the *Siebengebirge*, so famous in legend—that's Bonn as it used to be. Now, when you approach the town from the river, there's all the new finery of the streamlined modern *Bundeshaus*, gleaming white in the sunlight, with its black-red-golden flag fluttering from the mast: it's a fine sight, but somehow the two parts of the town don't go together.'

'I liked Beethoven's birthplace', said Ginger. 'It's such a tiny old-fashioned house, with ivy and creepers all over the windows and just one small tree in the garden—and they were such a large family, weren't they, and so poor!'

'I think the government buildings are smashing', said Jim. 'We were inside and saw as much as they let us look at without disturbing the ministers. Really up to date and everything in the latest style—and the big hall of the parliament, with one wall completely of glass—not at all like our musty old Westminster!'

'Perhaps that's what's wrong with Bonn', muttered his father, 'that it's so different from our "musty old Westminster".'

'You know, the other day I happened to get a German station on the wireless', said Mrs Watkins, 'and I listened to a session of the *Bundestag*. Now I don't understand much German but I couldn't help feeling that there was much more noise than in Westminster. Someone, probably the Speaker or whatever they call their chairman, kept shouting "*Aber meine Herren! Aber meine Herren!*" and ringing a bell above the din, while the Members were having some sort of argument.'

'I think you've put your finger on something important—at least to me, as a radio man', said Mr Watkins. 'I believe we're right in not permitting Parliament to be broadcast or televised. There's always the danger of politicians making speeches for the microphone instead of getting on with their more important business of governing.'

'Why have they got so many political parties?' Jim wanted to know. 'Remember—when we walked along the corridors of the *Bundeshaus* we saw all kinds of party names on the doors.'

'Ah, that's a complicated story', said his father. 'You see, Germany has a mixture of the English system of electing individual candidates in the constituencies, and of the Proportional Representation system; each voter has two votes, one for the candidate and one for the party he favours. Thus proportional representation means that for every so many votes there must be a Member; even small parties with only a few thousand followers may be represented in parliament. In Britain, as you know, we vote only by constituencies, which means that a great number of votes are usually "lost"—they don't get represented in Westminster. That's why we never seem to get beyond two or three big parties. In Germany, you vote for the candidate as well as for the party whose programme you like. But if you want to know all the

advantages and disadvantages of these two systems you'll have to do a lot of reading.'

'Thanks', said Jim, 'but I'm not sure I want to go into politics. By the way, have they got a House of Lords in Germany, Dad?'

'Not a House of Lords because there are no lords, but an Upper House called *Bundesrat*—something like the French or the American Senate. It's elected on a different principle from the *Bundestag* . . .'

Ginger, who was allergic to politics, had been trying to get on with showing the snaps to her mother. Now she succeeded in gaining the limelight. 'That's Cologne Cathedral', she explained, 'the largest cathedral in Germany. They started building it seven hundred years ago, but finished it only seventy years ago.'

'And then it was badly knocked about in the last war', said Jim, 'like all the rest of Cologne. It must have been a wonderful old town once upon a time. Now it's one large building site, but I must say I like those whole streets of new houses.'

'Yes, Cologne is well on its way to becoming a great city again', said Mr Watkins, 'one of the most modern towns in Germany. It hasn't got much of a "face" yet; it's such a curious mixture of very old remnants from the past, which have escaped destruction, and the ultra-modern. In time it will all integrate, I think. The people of Cologne, at any rate, are a most lively lot, like all Rhinelanders. I'd like to see their carnival again—it's as famous as that of Munich!'

'From Cologne we made our last trip in Germany', said Jim, 'to Düsseldorf. And d'you know why? Because Ginger wanted to see the tramway with a restaurant car she'd heard about—the only one in Germany.'

'Isn't that a funny idea?' said Ginger. 'It's an ordinary tramway from Düsseldorf to Duisburg, and it's got a buffet car where you can sit down and have snacks and drinks!'

'That wasn't the only reason why I took you there', said her father, smiling. 'I wanted you to have just a glimpse of Germany's great industrial region: it's one vast mining and steel town, and you can hardly distinguish where one place ends and the next begins—Solingen, Düsseldorf, Duisburg, Remscheid, Wuppertal and across the Ruhr right up to Dortmund. Even the Rhine looks

different there—no more robber knights' castles and vineyards, but flat banks lined with factories and cranes and jetties; and on the river few pleasure-boats but many barges carrying coal and timber and iron ore. I hope you got an impression of that great industrial heart of Germany.'

'And then?' asked Mrs Watkins. There was just one snap left. It showed Ginger munching her last German *Mohrenkopf*, a chocolate puff filled with whipped cream, in her favourite means of transport, the tramway with restaurant car, on the way back to Düsseldorf.

'Then we took the train to the Hook of Holland—and here we are', said Jim.

'Were you sorry to leave Germany?' asked Mrs Watkins.

'Of course we all were', said Mr Watkins. 'But Ginger kept us in good spirits. When we crossed the border at Venlo she started singing—a song she had heard at the youth hostel. What was it, Gin?'

Gin began to sing:

'Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Städtele hinaus. . . .

The door opened, and a small figure in pale-blue pyjamas appeared, rubbing his eyes and complaining: 'I can't sleep wiv all that noise goin' on. . . .'

But the story had come to an end anyway.

INDEX AND PRONUNCIATIONS

a as in bat	ā as in bate	â as in calm	ă as in ago
e as in bet	ē as in beat	ê as in her	é a sound between e and ê, like the French é in école
i as in bit	ī as in bite	ô is a long è	oi as in boy
o as in cot	ō a little longer than in cot but not as long as in coat	oo as in soot	ōō as in coo
g as in gold	ḡ as in the Scotch loch	ow as in cow	u, u with rounded lips as in French lune
pf, ng following each other are pronounced as one sound			

If one syllable is to be stressed more than another it is followed by ' (thus äns'bag).

Note: It is not always possible to write in English the equivalent of the exact sounds of foreign words. You should regard the pronunciations given here as a guide which will enable you to get reasonably close to those generally considered to be correct, and to make yourself understood by German people.

- ALPS, 100, 120, 123-37
 Alster (äl'ster), 17, 18, 19
 Ansbach (äns'bag), 88-9
 Ape Station, Munich Zoo, 116
 Arndt, Ernst Moritz (ärnt, ernst mō-rits) (1769-1860), 74
 Art, 52-3, 60, 61-2, 67, 78, 79, 82, 87, 88, 101-2
 Aschaffenburg (ä-shä'fen-boorg), 78
 Augsburg (owgs'boorg), 94-5, 140
 Autobahn (ow'to-bän), 32-5
- RAD TÖLZ (båd tēlts), 134
 Baden-Baden (bā'den-bā'den), 144
 Baden-Württemberg (bā'den-vur'tem berg), 140, 142
 Ball-bearings, 81
 Bamberg (bām'berg), 81-2
 Bamberger Reiter (bām'ber-ger rī-ter), 82
 Barbarossa (Frederick I, Emperor, 1122-90), 20, 77
 Barlach, Ernst (bār'laḡ, ernst), modern sculptor, 62
 Bavaria, 78, 94-140
- Bayreuth (bī-roit'), 85
 Beethoven, Ludwig van (1770-1827), 75, 122, 147
 Benediktbeuern (be-ne-dikt-boi'ern), 135
 Berlin, 22-5, 58-61
 Binnentalster (bi'nen-äl'ster), 17, 19
 Bismarck, Otto von (1815-98), 144
 Black Forest, 140, 143
 Blankenese (blän'ke-né-se), 15
 Blenheim (or Blindheim), 92-3
 Blue Angel, The, 105
 Bodenwerder (bō'den-wer'der), 63
 Bonn, 147-8
 Brahms, Johannes (brāms, yo-hän'res) (1833-97), 20
 Brecht, Bert (breḡt, bert), 76-7
 Bre-nen (bré'men), 46-8
 Broadcasting, 118-19
 Brocken (bro'ken), 70
 Brunswick, 63
 Busch, Wilhelm (boosh, vil'helm), poet (1832-1908), 62-3
- Cabinet of Dr Caligari, The, 105
 Camping, 142

Charlemagne, 20, 55
 Clock (time), 54
 Cologne, 149
 Corinth, Lovis (ko-rint', lō'vis), 62
 Cuckoo clocks, 143
Dachshund (daks'hoond), 101
 Danube, river, 92, 100, 142
 Democracy, 18, 55, 69, 74-5
Deutsches Museum (doit'shes moo-sé'oom), Munich, 102-3, 109
 Diesel engine, 103
 Dietrich, Marlene (dē'triġ, mar-lé'ne), 105
 Dinkelsbühl (din'kels-bül), 92
 DKW (dé-kā-vé'), car, 31
 Donauwörth (dō'now-vört), 92
Doppelte Lottchen, Das (do'pel-te lot'gen, dās), 112
Dr Doolittle, 114
Dreigroschenoper, Die (dri-gro'shen-ō-per, dē), 76-7
 Dress, costumes, 96, 120, 121, 127, 136, 147
 Duisburg (doois'boorg), 149
 Dürer, Albrecht (du'rer, al-breġt) (1471-1528), 88
 Düsseldorf (du'sel-dorf), 149-50
Eine kleine Nachtmusik (ī-ne klī-ne nāġt'moo-sik), 79
 Elbe (el'be), river, 15, 19, 24, 55, 63
 Elections, 149
Emil and the Detectives, 110
 English Garden, Munich, 108-9
 Eugene, Prince, 92-3
Fasching (fā'shing), 'carnival, 121
Faust (fowst), 70, 104, 134
 Feuchtwangen (foiġt'vāngen), 92
 Films, 60, 104-6
Fohn (fon), 121-2
 Food and drink, 13, 16, 17, 27, 31, 36, 37, 48, 49, 51, 61, 75-6, 80-1, 85, 87, 88, 92, 98-9, 109, 112, 121, 124, 133, 139, 141, 143, 145-7, 149, 150
 Franconia, 77-8, 100, 140
 Frankfurt, 73-7
 Freiburg (fri'boorg), 144
 Freimann (fri'man), 120
 Friedrichshafen (frē'driġs-hā'fen), 142
 Fugger, Jakob (foog'ger, yā-kob), 94
 Fürth (fürt), 82

GAMES, 107
 Garmisch-Partenkirchen (gār'mish-pār-ten-kir'gen), 139
 Gelnhausen (geln-how'sen), 77
 Giessen (gē'sen), 73
 Gliding, 81
 Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von (gö'te, yo'hān volf'gāng fon) (1749-1832), 29, 60, 70, 73-4, 104, 134
 Göttingen (gö'tingen), 67, 69
 Government, 147-9
 Grimm, Jakob (1785-1863), and Wilhelm (1786-1859), 67, 69-70, 74, 78
 Grimmelshausen (grī'mels-how'sen), Christoffel von (1625-76), novelist, 77
 Gruenewald, Matthias (grü'ne-vald, ma-tē'ās) (1460-1528), painter, 78, 79
 Gutenberg, Johann (goo'ten-berg, yo'hān) (1397-1468), 145
 HAGENBECK (hā'gen-beck), CARL, 13, 17
 Hamburg, 11-13, 39-41
 Hameln (Hameln), 65-6
 Hamme (hām'me), river, 53
 Hanau (hā'now), 78
 Hanover, 55, 62, 63, 69-70
 Hanseatic League, 20, 33, 47
 Harz (hārts) Mountains, 55, 70-1
 Hauff, Wilhelm (howf, vil-helm) (1802-27), 79, 140
 Hauser, Kaspar (how'ser, kas'par), 88-9
 Heidelberg (hī'del-berg), 144-5
 Heine, Heinrich (hi'ne, hin'riġ) (1797-1856), 146
 Hellabrunn (hel'la-broon), 114-17
 Hertz, Heinrich (herts, hin'riġ), (1857-94), physicist, 103
 Hesse (hes'se), 73, 77
 Hochheim (hög'hīm), 146
 Höchst (högst), 75
 Höchstädt (höġ'stet), 92-3
 Hoffmann von Fallersleben, August Heinrich (hof'man von fal'ers-lā-ben, ow'goost hin'riġ) (1798-1874), 71
 Hohenzollern (hö'hēn-tso'lern), 86
 Hollental (hö'len-tāl) Road, 143
 Holy Roman Empire, 74
 Housing, 16, 97-8

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH LIBRARY, 113-14

Iron Curtain, 58-9

Isar (é'sár), river, 108

JAHN, FRIEDRICH LUDWIG (yán, fréd'rig lood'vig) (1778-1852), founder of gymnastic movement, 74

KARLSHAFEN (kárls'há-fen), 66

Kassell (kás'sel), 67-8, 71

Kästner, Erich (kast'ner, é'rig) (b. 1899), 110-14

Kaulbach, Wilhelm von (kowl'bag, vil'helm fon) (1805-74), 101

Kiel (kél), 35-6, 38

Koblenz (kó'blents), 146-7

Kochensee (ko'gel-sá), 135

Kolbe, Georg (kol'be, gá'org), 75

Kraft, Adam (kráft, ád'ám), mediaeval artist, 87

LABOE (lá'bó), 36-7

Lake Constance, 88, 140-1

Lang, Fritz (läng, frí'ts), film director, 105

Leitz (līts) Works, 73

Lenbach, Franz (lén'bag, fränts) (1836-1904), 101

Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim (les'sing, got'hold é'fra-ém) (1729-81), 63, 104

Limes (lé'mes), Roman wall, 92

Lindau (lin'dow), 140

Loreley (lō-re-lí'), 88, 146

Lower Saxony, 55

Lübeck (lü'beck), 33-4

Lubitsch (loo'bitsh), Ernst, film director, 105

Ludwigshafen (lood'vigs-há'fen), 145

Lüneburg (lū'ne-boorg), 56

Lüneburg Heath, 55-6

Luther, Martin (1483-1546), 140

MAIN (mín), river, 78, 81

Mainz (mínts), 144-5

Mann, Thomas (b. 1875), 33, 101

Mannheim (mán'hím), 144-5

Marlborough, Duke of, 92-3

Mastersingers, *The*, 85, 87

McCloy, John, 89-90

Measures, 32-3, 100

Melanchthon (me-läng'ton), Philipp (1497-1560), Luther's fellow-worker, 140

Mendelssohn, Felix (1809-47), 21
Minna von Barnhelm (bárn'helm) 104

Minnesinger, 79, 88

Mittenwald (mí'ten-váld), 136

Money, 32, 99-100

Moselle, river, 147

Mozart (mō'tsárt). W. A. (1756-91), 79

Münchhausen (müng-how'sen), Baron, 63

Munich, 95-122

NAZI RÉGIME, 60, 101, 112

Neckar (nē'kär), river, 144

Newspapers, 41-3

Nienstedten (nēn-stet'ten), 15-16

Nuremberg, 82-8

Nymphenburg (nüm'fen-boorg), 122

OBERAMMERGAU (ō'ber-ä'mer-gow), 139

Oktoberfest (ok-tō'ber-fest), 120-1

Opel (ō'pel), car, 86, 88

Opera, 29, 63, 76-7, 85, 87, 94-5, 101

PALATINATE, 145

Parliament, 118, 148-9

Parzival, 88, 139

Peter Pan, 110-12

Pied Piper, 65-6

Planetarium, 30

Pocci (po'tshi), Count, 104

Pooh, 114

Puppet theatre, 104

RAABE, WILHELM (rá'be, vil'helm) (1831-1910), 63

Radio, 118-19, 148

Railways, 40-6, 143-4

Raspe, Erich (rás'pe, é-riğ) (1737-93), 63

Reformation, 87

Reinhardswald (rín'há-rds-váld), 66-7

Reis (rís), Philipp (1834-74), 77, 103

Rhine, river, 144, 145-50

Rhön (rön), 81

Riemenschneider (rē'men-shní-der), Tilman (1460-1531), 79, 82

Romantische Strasse (ro-mán'ti-she shtrá'se), 85-6, 91-3

Röntgen, Wilhelm Konrad von (rēnt'gen, vil'helm kon'räd fon) (1845-1923), 79

Rothenburg (rō'ten-boorg), 86, 89-93
 Ruhr (rōör), 149-50
 Rumford, Count, 103, 108-9

 SACHS, HANS (säks, häns), 1494-1576), shoemaker-poet, 87
 Sailing, 36
 St Pauli (sankt pow'li), 24
 Schiller, Friedrich von (shil'ler, frēd'rig fon) (1759-1805), 60
 Schlegel, Friedrich von (shlā'gel, frēd'rig fon) (1772-1829), historian and Shakespeare translator, 29
 Schleswig-Holstein (shlās'vig-hol'shtin), 25, 33-8
 Schliersee (shlēr'sä), 127-8
 School, 64, 129-32
 Schurz (shoorts), Carl, 19th-century democrat, 147
 Schweinfurt (shvin'foort), 81
 Shakespeare in Germany, 29
 Shaw in Germany, 29
 Shipping, 33, 66
 Shopping, 99-100
 Siebengebirge (sē'ben-ge-bir'gē), 147
Simplicius Simplicissimus, 77
 Sintenis, Renée, 62
 Ski-ing, 137
 Slevogt (slā'fogt), Max, modern painter, 62
 Spessart (shpe'särt), 78
 Stellingen (ste'ling-en), 17
 Stoss, Veit (shtös, vit), mediaeval sculptor, 87
 Strandbad (shtränd'bād) Cranz, 24
 Strauss, Johann (1825-99), 26
 Strauss, Richard (1864-1949), 101
 Stuttgart, 140
 Swabia, 139-40

 TEGERN'SEE (tä'gern-sä), 123-6, 134
 Television, 119-20
 Teufelsmoor (toi'fels-mör), 48-51
 Theatre, 26-9, 63, 76-7, 101, 104, 128-9, 139, 147
 Thermometer, 125
 Thoma, Ludwig (tō'ma, lood'vig), Bavarian humorist, 128-9
 Tieck, Ludwig (tēk, lood'vig) (1773-1853), writer and Shakespeare translator, 20
 Till Eulenspiegel (oi'len-shpē-gel), 63

Tilly, General, 89
 Toys, 86-7
 Trade, 20
 Traffic, 21, 31-2
 Trave (trá've), river, 33, 34
 Travemünde (trá-ve-mün'de), 34-5
 Tübingen (tü'bingen), 140

 UHLAND, LUDWIG (úo'länd, lood'vig) (1787-1862), 74, 140
 Ulm (oolm), 140

 VALENTIN (vā'len-tin), KARL, popular Munich comedian, 101
 Venlo (fen-lō), 150
 Volkswagen (folks'vā-gen), 61, 63
 Voting, 148-9

 WAGNER, RICHARD (1813-83), 85, 101, 139, 144
 Walbrook, Anton, 106
 Walchensee (vāl'gen-sä), 135
 Wallberg (vāl'berg), 126
 Walther von der Vogelweide (fō'gel-vi-de) (1170-1230), 79
 Weights, 100
 Weill (vīl), Kurt, 76-7
 Weimar (vī'mär), 60
Werthers Leiden (ver'ters lī'den), 73
 Weser (vā'ser), river, 55, 63
 Wetzlar (vets'lär), 73
White Horse Inn, The, 147
 Wiesbaden (vēs'bā-den), 77
 Wilhelmshöhe (vil'helms-ho'he), 67
Wirtshaus im Spessart, Das (virts'hows im shpe'särt, dās), 79
 Wittelsbach (vit'tels-bāg) kings, 101
 Wolfram von Eschenbach (e'shen-bāg) (1170-1220), 88
 Wolfsburg (volfs'boorg), 61, 63
 Workers, 18
 Worms (vorms), 145
 Worpsswede (vorps'vā-de), 47-54
 Württemberg, *see* Baden-Württemberg
 Würzburg (vürts'boorg), 79-81

 X-RAYS, 79, 103

 YOUTH HOSTELS, 84-8

 ZEPPELIN, 103
 Zoo, 11-13, 17, 114-17
 Zugspitze (tsoog'shpit-se), 137-8

GLOSSARY

AAL (ál), **cel**

Abendbrot (á'bend-brôt), supper

Aber (á'ber), but

Abitur (ä-bi-toor'), matriculation

Acht (ägt), eight

Alle (äl'le), all

Alpen (äl'pen), **Alps**

Anzeige (än'tsi-ge), advertisement

Aufschnitt (owf'shnit), slices of various sausages, ham, etc.

Auf Wiedersehen (owf vē'der-sā-hēn), Good-bye!

Aussteigen (ows'shti-gen), alight

Bad (bád), bath, spa

Bahnhof (bán'hóf), railway station

Bauer 'bow'er), peasant, farmer

Bayern (bi'ern), Bavaria, Bavarians

Beruf (be-roof'), occupation, profession

Besser (bés'ser), better

Bett (bet), bed

Bitte (bit'te), please

Bleib! (blīb) stay!

Bocksbeutel (box'boi-tel), Franconian wine in o-shaped bottle

Bord (bord), ship's board

Brezeln (bret'se:l, bietzel, cracknel

Bua (boo-a), boy (Bavarian dialect)

Bügeleisen (bü'gel-isen), flat iron

Bummelzug (boo'mel-tsoog), slow train

Bundesbahn (boon'des-bân), Federal State Railway

Bundesrat (boon'des-rât), Upper House of the Federal German Parliament

Bundesrepublik (boon'des-re-poo-blëk'), Federal German Republic

Bundestag (boon'des-tåg), Lower House of the Federal German Parliament

Danke! (dän'ke), thank you!

Deutsch (doitsh), German

Deutschball (doitsh'bäll), boys' game not unlike cricket

Deutschland (doitsh'länd), Germany

Dirndl (dirn-dl), girl, Bavarian girl's dress (Bavarian dialect)

Doppelt (dop'pelt), double

Drei (drī), three

Dumm (doom), stupid

Dunkel (doon'kel), dark

D-Zug (dä'tsoog), express train

Echt (eġt), genuine

Einigkeit (i'nig-kīt), unity

Eins (īns) one

Einsteigen (īn'shti-gen), to board a train or bus

Einverstanden (īn'fer-stân-den), agreed

Eis (īs), ice, ice-cream

Eisenbahn (ī'sen-bân), railway

Eisschrank (īs'shränk), refrigerator

Erwachsen (er-väg'sen), adult

Es geht mir gut (es gāt mēr goot) I am fine

Etwas (et'vās) a little

Fahrkarte (fär'kär-te), ticket
 Farbe (fär'be), colour
 Ferien (fä'ri-en), holidays, vacation
 Fernamt (fern'ämt), long-distance switchboard (telephone)
 Fest (fest), fête, festival
 Fischmarkt (fish'märkt), fish market
Fliegermaus, Die (flä'der-mows, dē), *The Bat* (operetta by Johann Strauss)
 Fragen (frä'gen), ask
 Frau (frow), Mrs, woman
 Fräulein (froi'lin), Miss
 Frauenstunde (frow'en-shtoon-de), Woman's Hour (radio)
 Freiheit (fri'hīt), freedom, liberty
 Fröhlich (frö'liġ), cheerful, gay
 Fromm (from), pious
 Fünf (fünf), five
 Fürchterlich (fürġ'ter-liġ), dreadful

Gasthaus (gäst'how's), inn
 Geheimnisvoll (ge-hīm'nīs-fo), secret, mysterious
 Gemütlichkeit (ge-müt'liġ-kīt), cosy atmosphere, serenity, comfort, evenness
 of temper
 Gern (gern), with pleasure, willingly
 Geschlossen (ge-shlo'sen), closed
 Groschen (gro'shen), 10 Pfennig
 Grün (grün), green
 Grüß Gott (grūs got), Bavarian greeting (for: Good morning, etc.)
 Gurkensalat (goor'ken-sä-lät'), cucumber salad
 Gut (goot), good
 Gymnasium (güm-nä'si-com), grammar school

Halb (hälb), half
 Hauptbahnhof (howpt'bän-hof), main station (railway)
 Haus (hows), house
 Hausdiener (hows'dē-ner), hotel porter
 Hausmeister (hows'mī-ster), house-porter, janitor, doorkeeper
 Heiss (hīs), hot
 Hering (hä'ring), herring
 Herr (her), Mr, gentleman, master
 Hier spricht London (hēr shprīġt London), This is London calling
 Himmel (hi'mel), sky, heaven
 Hoch (höġ), high
 Hofbräuhaus (hóf'broi-hows), famous Munich beer garden
 Hoffentlich (ho'fent-liġ), let's hope, I hope so
 Humanistisch (hoo-män-is'tish), of secondary school: providing classical
 education, incl. Latin and Greek
 Hünengrab (hū'nen-gräb), Stone-Age tomb, 'giant's grave'

Ich kann deutsch (iġ kăn doits), I can speak German
 Ich kann kein Englisch (iġ kăn kīn eng'lish), I cannot speak English
 Ich komme! (iġ ko'me), I'm coming!
 Ich will nicht! (iġ vil niġt), I don't want!
 Ist es denn die Möglichkeit! (ist es den dē möġliġ-kīt), Well, I never!

Jung (yoong), young
 Jugendfrei (yoo'gend-fri), children admitted (of films)

Kachelofen (ká'gél-ð'fen), tiled stove
 Kaltschale (kált'shá-le), sweet, cold soup (Prussian dish)
 Kartoffeln (kár-to'feln), potatoes
 Kartoffelpuffer (kar-to'fel-poo'fer), potato pancakes
 Kate (ká'te), farm cottage in N.W. Germany
 Kavalier (ká-vá-lér'), gentleman
 Keks (káks), biscuit, shortbread (from Engl. 'cakes')
 Kind (kind), child
 Kirschen (kir'shen), cherries
 Kitsch (kitsh), pseudo-artistic trash, luscious trumpery
 Klampfe (klámp'fe), guitar (young people's slang)
 Klasse (klá'se), class(-room)
 Klein (klín), small, little
 Knödel (knö'del), dumpling
 Komm! (kom), come here! come on!
 Konditorei (kon-di-to-ri), café, pastry shop
 Königreich (kö'nig-riçh), kingdom, monarchy, realm
 Krach (kráçh), row, bang, telling-off, din
 Kraut (krowt), cabbage
 Krug (kroog), jar, jug
 Kuchen (koo'gen), cake
 Kunst (koonst), art
 Kunstgewerbe (koonst'ge-ver'be), applied art
 Künstler (künst'ler), artist
 Kurz (koorts), short

Labskaus (lábs'kows), Hamburg dish of corned beef and mashed potatoes
 Landtag (lánd'tág), Diet (provincial parliament)
 Leberkäs (lé'ber-kés), Munich dish, patty of meat and liver
 Lebkuchen (léb'koo-gen), ginger-bread
 Licht (liçht), light
 Lieb (lëb), dear
 Liebfrauenmilch (lëb-frow'en-milch), famous type of white wine
 Limonade (li-mo-ná'de), lemonade
 Litfassäule (lit'fas-soi-le), pillar for displaying posters in the street
 Lodenmantel (lö'den-mán-tel), rain-proof cape of coarse woollen cloth
 Lokalbahn (lo-kál'bán), local train
 Los! (lös), Come on!, start!, get a move on!

Magen (má'gen), stomach
 Mann (mán), man
 Märchen (már'gën), fairy-tale
 Marmelade (már-me-lá'de), jam or marmalade of all kinds
 Masskrug (mäs'kroog), drinking-jug holding 1 litre (*Mass*)
 Matura (má-too'rá), *see* Abitur
 Meer (mär), sea, ocean
 Meile (mí'le), mile
 Mensch (mensh), human being
 Merkwürdig (merk'vür-dig), strange
 Messe (mes'se), mass, trade fair
 Mitglied (mit'glëd), member, subscriber
 Mittelschule (mí'tel-shoo-le), secondary school
 Mohrenkopf (mó'ren-kopf), 'Moor's head', chocolate-covered cream bun
 Moor (mör), moor, swamp

Mund (moond), mouth
Mutter (moo'ter), mother

Nacht (nägt), night
Napfkuchen (näpf'koo-ġen), pound cake
Natürlich (na-tür'liġ), of course
Neu (noi), new
Neun (noin), nine

Onkel (ong'kel), uncle

Pass auf! (päs owf), look out!, mind!
Pause (pow'se), interval
Pferd (pferd), horse
Photographieren (fo-to-grä-fē'ren), to photograph
Platt (plät), Low German dialect spoken in the N.W.
Postamt (post'amt), Post Office

Rathaus (rát'hows), Town Hall
Realschule (ré-äl'schoo-le), modern secondary school with emphasis on practical subjects

Recht (reġt), right, justice
Reich (riġ), Empire (formerly used to describe Germany)
Reihe (ri'he), row, series, line
Reiter (ri'ter), horseman, rider
Rettich (re'tiġ), large white radish
Richtig (riġ'tiġ), right, accurate
Rindvieh (rind'fē), cattle, ox (Bavarian invective)
Romantik (ro-män'tik), romanticism, romantic atmosphere
Rote Grütze (rō'te grüt'se), jelly-like pudding made of raspberries, strawberries, etc., served with cream (N.W. German dish)
Rundfunk (roond'foonk), radio

Sauerkraut (sow'er-krowt), pickled cabbage
Schädlich (shéd'liġ), harmful
Schauspieler(in) (show'spē-ler(in), actor (actress)
Schlachtplatte (shlāġt'plā-te), dish of liver sausages, blood sausages and pickled cabbage
Schlangestehen (shläng'e-shté-hen), to queue up, stand in line
Schmorbraten (shmör'brā-ten), beef stewed in the oven
Schnaps (schnāps), spirits, short drink
Schnell (shnel), fast, quick
Schnittlauch (shnit'lowġ), chives
Schnitzel (shnit'sel), cutlet
Schon (shōn), already
Schön (shōn), beautiful
Schorle (shor'le), soda water with dash of wine
Schrecklich (shreck'liġ), awful
Schreibt uns! (shribt oons), do write to us!
Schrippe (shrip'pe), roll (N. German dialect)
Schuhplattler (shōō'plāt-ler), Bavarian folk-dance
Schule (shōō'le), school
Schwarzwald (shvārts'vāld), Black Forest
Schwebebahn (shvā'be-bān), suspended railway
Schwer (shvār), heavy, difficult
Schwimmen (shvi'men), to swim
Sechs (seks), six

See (sé), sea, lake
 Sender Freies Berlin (zen'der fri'es ber-lin), Berlin radio station
 Servus! (ser'voos), familiar greeting in Munich and Vienna
 Sieben (sē'ben), seven
 Sinn (sin), sense, mind
 Sonne (so'ne), sun
 Spät (spät), late
 Spatzle (shpets'le) Swabian dish of noodles
 Spielwaren (shpēl'vār-en), toys
 Sprechen. Sie deutsch/englisch? (shpre'gen sē doitsch/eng'lish), do you speak German/English?
 Stadt (shtät), town, city
 Strandkorb (shtränd'korb), beach basket hut
 Strasse (shtrā'se), street
 Stunde (shtoon'de), hour
 Suppe (sūo'pe), soup
 Tag (täg), day
 Tannenbaum (tä'nen-bowm), fir tree
 Teufel (toi'fel), devil
 Tierpark (tēr'park), zoo
 Topfen (top'fen), cream cheese, curd cheese
 Torte (tor'te), gâteau, layer cake
 Trachten (trag'ten), national dress
 Taurig (trow'rig), sad
 Trichter (trig'ter), funnel for pouring liquids
 Turnvater (toorn'fä'ter), founder of gymnastic movement (*see* Jahn)
 Uhr (öör), clock, watch
 Uralt (öör'ält), very old
 Vater (fä'ter), father
 Vier (fēr), four
 Viertel (fēr'tel), quarter
 Volksschule (folks'shoo-le), elementary school
 Vorhang auf! (fö'r'häng owf), Curtain up!
 Walpurgisnacht (väl-poor'gis-nägt), Witches' Sabbath
 Wann? (văn), when?
 Wasser (väs'ser), water
 Wecken (ve'ken), to wake someone up
 Weiss (vīs), white
 Weisswurst (vis'voorst), white Munich sausage made of veal
 Weiter! (vī'ter), go on!
 Wellen (ve'len), waves
 Welsch (velsh), foreign
 Werbefunk (ver'be-foonk), commercial advertising by radio
 Wetter (vet'ter), weather
 Wieviel? (vē-fēl'), how much?
 Wirtshaus (virts'hows), inn, public house
 Woche (vo'ge), week
 Wo gehst du hin? (vō gēst doo hin), Where are you going?
 Wurst/Würstchen (voorst/vürst'gen), sausage, little sausage, hot dog
 Zankt euch nicht! (tsänkt oiğ niğt), don't quarrel!
 Zehn (tsén), ten
 Zeit (tsīt), time
 Zwei (tsvī), two